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NOVEMBER 26, 1982

In this issue:
Buckley from China
see page 1504

NATIONAL REVIEW

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U.S. CATHOLIC BISHOPS on the BRINK

By Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ALSO: In Hungary, The Bell Tolls On
THOMAS MOLNAR

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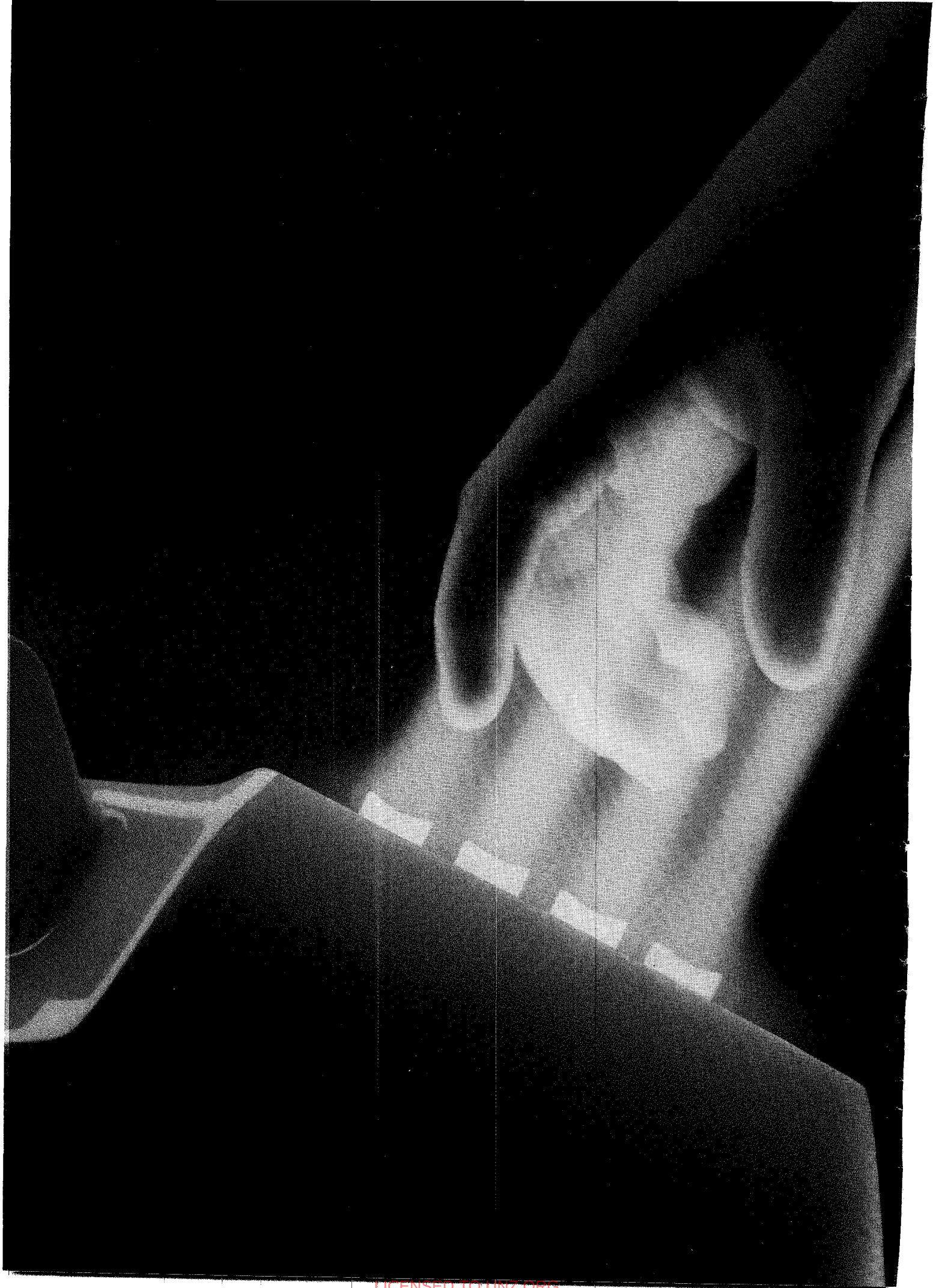

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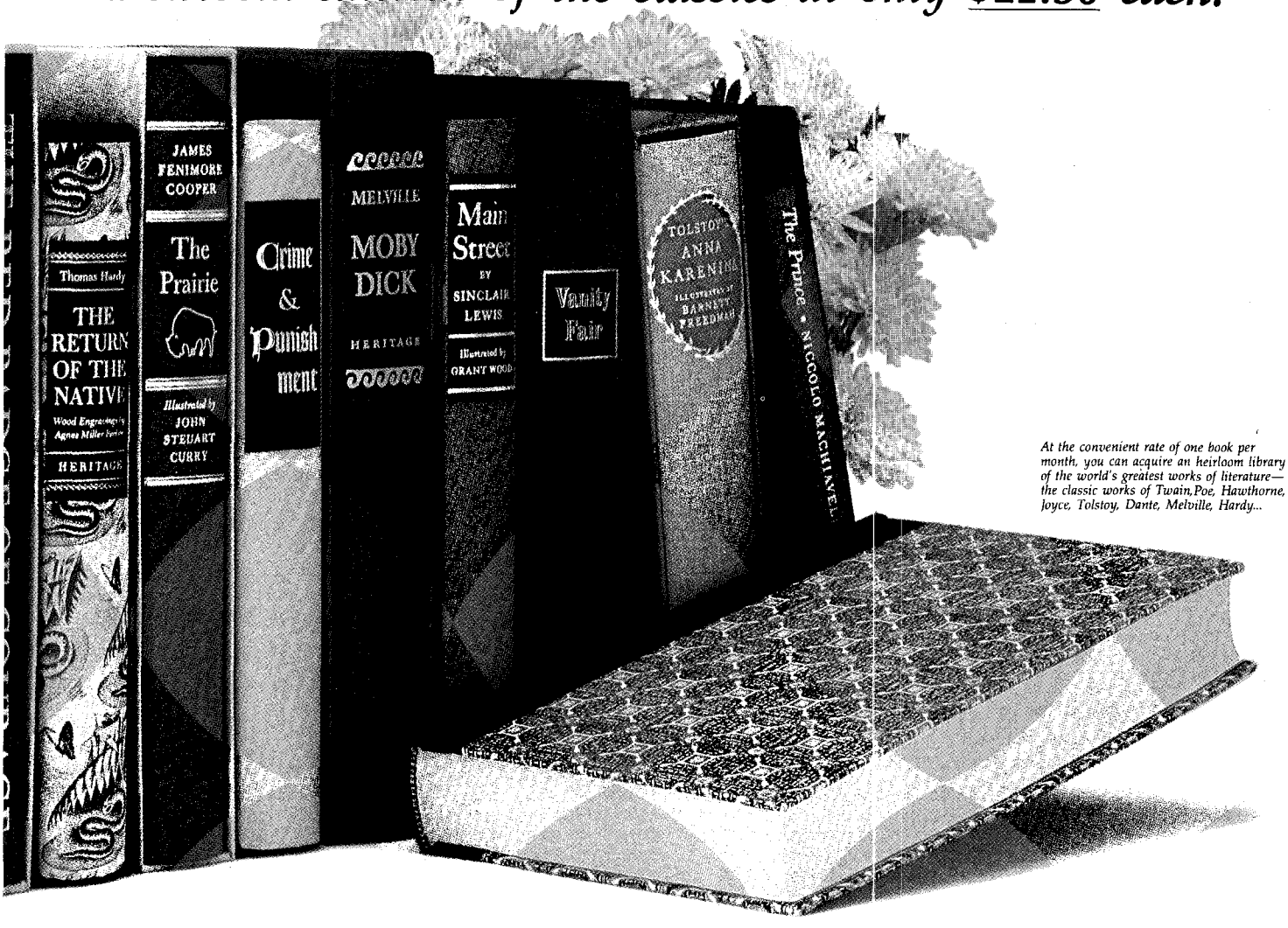

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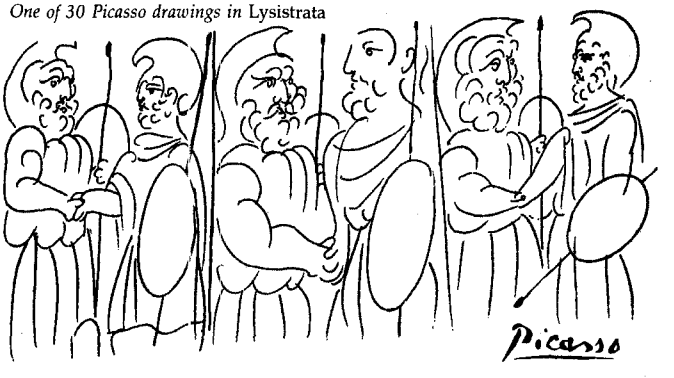

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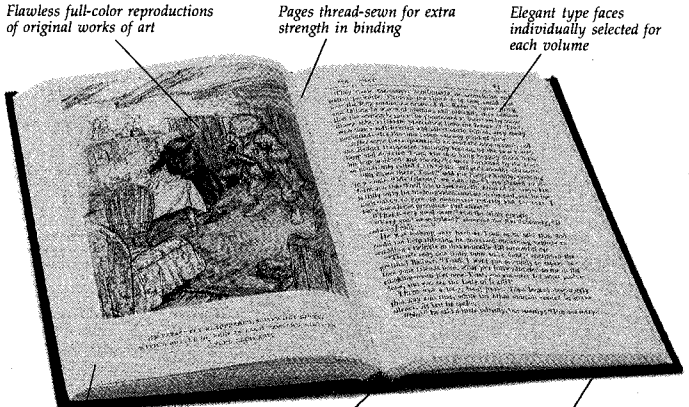

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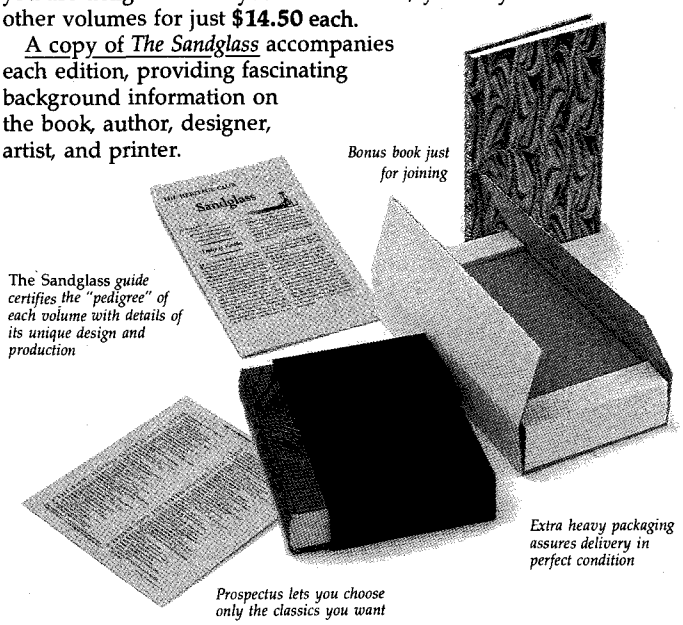

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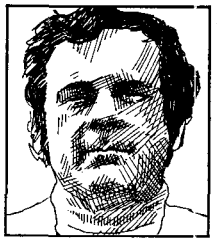

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The Fate of the West

1470 Bishops on the Brink

Once again, as in Vietnam, we are losing on the home front. Once again the virtues of a free nation are being turned into defects—of weakness, naïveté, confusion. In their desire to "speak out," U.S. Catholic bishops seem to be joining, not opposing, the currents of this world. Asserting abstract moral imperatives, they fail to address both our rights and our duties. *Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn*

1476 The Truth about Nuclear Weapons

Instead of blaming the bomb, we should consult the logic of the modern world and modern warfare. It also helps to put ourselves in the other fellow's shoes—bearing in mind that he may be a crazy fellow. *William A. Rusher*

Articles and Columns

1466 Triad or Dyad

It's time for the President to have a little talk with the public about Soviet military moves and American response. He can take some tips from Jack Kennedy, 1962. *John McLaughlin*

1468 Beyond Helsinki

How to win friends and influence people—within the Soviet empire. *Brian Crozier*

1482 An Assassination Freeze

An answer to a left-leaning Jesuit who wonders why Catholics don't just leave the poor Sandinistas alone, and other such balderdash. *Michael Novak*

1484 The Bell Tolls On

Meet Hungary today—26 years after the Soviet invasion, the most "Westernized" of the captive nations, yea, the showplace of modified Communism. Be prepared to look behind the cliché curtain. *Thomas Molnar*

1486 Shifting the Avalanche

Partisan Review is still carrying on the honorable tradition of its founders. *Michael A. Scully*

Books Arts & Manners

1487 Samuel McCracken declares a truce in *The War against the Atom*, but not before atomizing the anti-nukers, much to the satisfaction of **Richard Brookhiser**. . . . **Arnold Beichman** finds good news for civilization in *The Morality of Terrorism*, a cluster of shrewd essays. . . . **Joseph Sobran** evaluates two attempts to cope with secular humanism (as the secular humanists used to call it). . . . Larry McMurtry is sort of a Texan Wodehouse, says **Thomas Mallon** happily, having just finished the latest McMurtry fiction. . . . **D. Keith Mano** finds a moral in Ham Jordan's memoirs. Trouble is, he doesn't find a whole lot else. . . . Why do American movies about kids have to seem as if they were *made* by kids? **John Simon** wants to know. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** sings hosannas to some nineteenth century music—symphonies by Mahler and Bruckner, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*—newly recorded. . . . **Nika Hazelton** sips some Spanish wines, and visits their namesakes.

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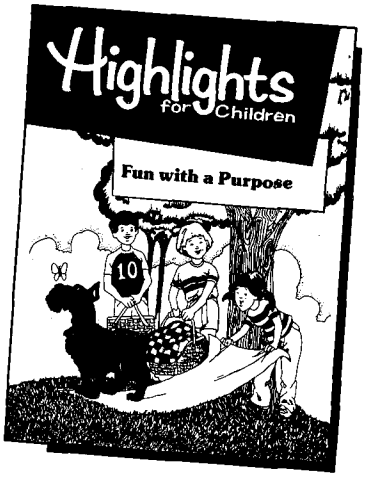

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Letters

Questioning Authority

Thank you so much for Father Knox's historical analysis of the Vatican Councils ["A Priest Looks Back on Vatican II," Nov. 12]. He correctly blames Pope Paul VI for the indifference and leniency that have contributed to the lack of leadership and erosion of discipline throughout the Catholic Church. In conclusion he quotes a loaded question which, when unpacked, can be applied to all people regardless of religious belief: How can any text, whether it is the Scriptures, the Constitution, or the Koran, offer guidance to human behavior when words and institutions have lost their authority and meaning? We may have questioned too much. If not from the law of Christ, from what source will discipline come?

Well, as Einstein humbly figured, perhaps we human beings cannot know.

Gracen K. Hunger
Salt Lake City, Utah

Merci Beaucoup

Many thanks to Priscilla Buckley ["Vercingétorix, Nous Voilà," Oct. 15]. Vercingétorix indeed—and the *Train de grande vitesse*! Let us hope that the *campagnes de France* never change.

O. Muth
Saratoga, Calif.

Fenwick Defended

When reading your recent analysis of the upcoming Senate race in New Jersey [Richard Brookhiser, "Liberals on the Loose," Oct. 29], I did not expect you to present a balanced perspective on the assets of the candidates. At the same time, however, I also did not think you would resort to factual errors when discussing the candidacy of Millicent Fenwick.

She does not think "busing is a good idea." Her campaign statements indicated that she favors this only as a last resort when all other alternatives have been tried and failed. Mrs. Fenwick is not "down on school prayer." The only time that this issue has come up was in the poorly worded amendment that was killed in the Senate, and she never had the chance to vote on it though she probably would have opposed it. The bill in question was so badly written that even Barry Goldwater (a conservative by *NR* standards) felt compelled to oppose it.

As a New Jersey resident who has had the privilege of being represented by Mrs. Fenwick for eight years, I was dismayed by your distortion of her record and campaign platform. She has loyally supported most of the President's programs and is by far the most desirable Republican option in New Jersey. Your magazine should be proud of a woman like Millicent Fenwick, and you should have been encouraging her candidacy rather than taking cheap shots at it.

Claude R. Marx
St. Louis, Mo.

Of course Mrs. Fenwick supports busing only as a "last resort." Everyone who supports it does, because it is an unpopular measure favored only by liberal pressure groups. On prayer, will Mr. Marx believe the New York Times*? Millicent Fenwick "opposes efforts to circumvent the United States Supreme Court decision on prayer in schools, such as a constitutional amendment providing for a moment of prayer" (November 1, 1982).* —RB

Reading List

Once again a big thanks for the timely and important articles in NATIONAL REVIEW, especially "The Bishops and the Bomb" [Anthony P. X. Bothwell, Oct. 29] and "Forswearing a First Nuclear Strike" [Laurence W. Beilenson, Oct. 29].

Everything you print, in my opinion, should be required reading for all Americans.

Does the President receive a copy? I hope so.

Walter X. Lehman, MD
Wilton, Conn.

Barry II

For this reader, thumbing through each new issue of *NR* is an exercise in pleasure. But alas, you missed the boat on school prayer ["Stop That Prayer," Oct. 15]. Conservatives should rejoice in the fact that Senator Helms was not successful in limiting the power of the Supreme Court to adjudicate issues appertaining to state-sanctioned school prayer.

The issue is not individual freedom. The real question is: Do we wish to give Uncle Sam or the several states the power to compose or approve a specific prayer? Any child in school can commune with God without the assistance of other students or the teacher. To suggest that we must have "prayer in our schools" is to call for something beyond acceptable definition. If the Congress were to impose a prayer for students to recite, it would be an exercise in futility. True prayer comes from the heart, and no third party can force it upon a person. Even when our Lord taught the disciples how to pray, their participation was voluntary.

It's a sad thing to watch some conserv-

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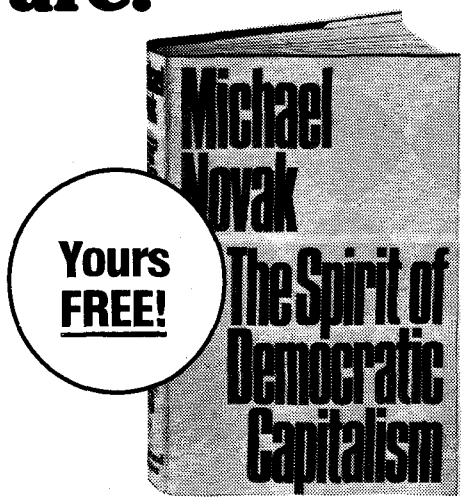

***From Samuel McCracken's extraordinary review in* Commentary:**

It is not so easy to exculpate those who still hold to the superstitions of socialism. Whatever can be said of the status of Marxist theory, the failure — utter, consistent, and continuing — of Marxist practice is apparent to anyone with eyes to see....It has not been clear why socialism should be so esteemed despite its failure and — the inevitable corollary — capitalism so despised despite its success; most observers who have found the situation troubling enough to warrant attention have confined themselves to vague speculations about the contrariness of intellectuals. Now, Michael Novak has made some progress in clearing this matter up for us, but this is only a fringe benefit of his remarkable book. For *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism* is perhaps the first serious attempt to construct a theology of capitalism. That this very phrase rings a little strange in the ears even of sympathetic hearers testifies to the compromised reputation of democratic capitalism even among many of its friends....

Novak rehabilitates the moral stature of democratic capitalism by showing how little it resembles the caricatures of it which pass almost everywhere as analytic descriptions....Latin America did not develop largely because it did not adopt an economic system that allowed development. Moreover, the Catholic Church was originally hostile to capitalism because of conservative objections to liberalism: what the 19th-century Church attacked as "*liberalismo*" always proves upon analysis to be democratic capitalism. Ironically, the liberation theologians, opposed to the traditional hierarchy in everything else, agree with it in despising capitalism and seeing it as the author of much woe for Latin America.

And so the Church, by opposing capitalism, appears to Novak as a major cause of poverty in Latin America. This is not an isolated instance for Novak: following a seminal study by H.R. Trevor-Roper, he traces the comparative affluence of Catholic and Protestant Europe, nearly always to the embarrassment of the former. Novak's own Church, then, becomes one of the causes of poverty in large parts of the world....This is, of course, a remarkable argument to be made by a leading Catholic intellectual, particularly one who is not only a theologian but a theologian far from the fashionable fringes of theological innovation — one who, for example, seems wholly comfortable talking about God as if He undoubtedly exists and as if the universe makes the most sense if one assumes that He not only created it but takes a continuing interest in it.

...Novak rejects democratic socialism as firmly as he does the totalitarian variant, even though until comparatively recently he was himself a democratic socialist. His account of his own movement from Christian socialism to democratic capitalism is insightful and astringent. As a budding Catholic intellectual, he tells us, he read heavily in those European writers who saw capitalism as "protestant": anarchic, individualistic, rejecting of tradition. He once found this position persuasive, but now believes it to have been a misguided nostalgia for village values considered in those days one of the good things about the Middle Ages. He continued to believe in socialism, as do a great many intellectuals, religious or irreligious, because its ostensible ethical system seemed so superior to that of capitalism. It took some time more for him to conclude that "the dream of democratic socialism is inferior to the dream of democratic capitalism, and that the latter's superiority in actual practice is undeniable."

This statement might well serve as the epigraph of the book....Each of the parts of the statement is important: it is not unusual for men to believe that capitalism in practice is superior to socialism in practice, a conclusion which leaves room for the perennial and damaging belief that if only socialism were done right it would bring on the millennium. But Novak maintains — with a richness of analysis that challenges the reviewer — that socialism is also inferior to capitalism in theory....Novak's most important achievement is to spell this superiority out in detail, especially in the ethical area which most intellectuals have long conceded to socialism....

One need not share Novak's religious perspective on capitalism to find this book a stunning achievement, but those who have hitherto preferred socialism on religious, or indeed on purely ethical, grounds must now face an argument of immense weight — and one produced by a former fellow believer. If enough of them read it, *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism* may prove one of those rare books that actually changes the way things are.

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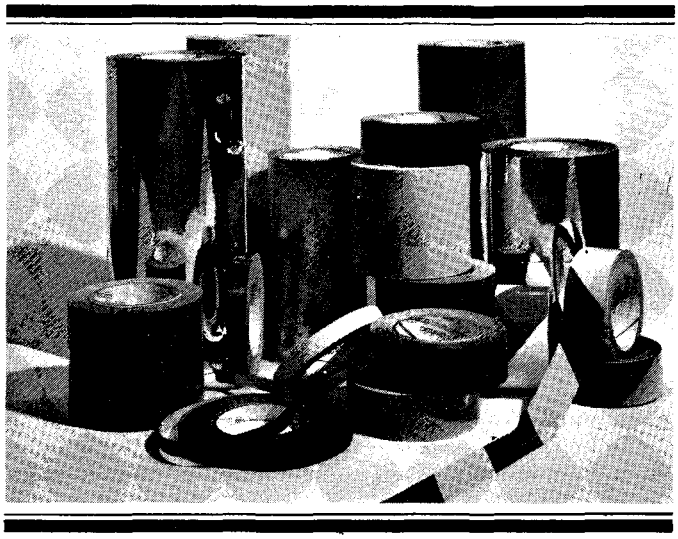

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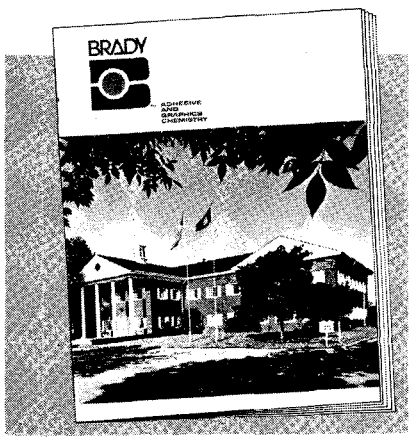

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atives engaging in this game of rhetorical gymnastics. The real battle should be fought for tuition tax credits. Those who are truly concerned about the spiritual welfare of their children would do far better to send them to schools that reflect their own convictions. This plethoric pother on prayer is making the tax issue more difficult. A tax credit would allow everyone to act according to the dictates of his own conscience; a prayer amendment would not.

Sorry, *NR*, but I'm with Goldwater, et al., on this one!

Kent L. Barry
Chicago, Ill.

Human Rights

In the editorial "The New McGovernism" [Oct. 1] I was surprised to read: "Now the human rights of homosexuals are not in question. The status of homosexuality is. At this point, we would surmise, most people want neither to punish homosexuality as a crime nor to award it full moral legitimacy."

I am a gay conservative. I am pleased to be informed that most do not wish to punish the so-called crime of homosexuality. Given the prejudice I frequently encounter, I have reason to doubt this. However, given your assumption, combined with a concurrent desire not to validate same-sex love, we are presented with a conundrum: being neither legitimate nor illegitimate, gays lose dignity as human beings.

Some, of course, would say this humiliation is a "choice" we have made, and we will have to accept the consequences. As a person who has been buffeted by self-doubt and a desire for peer acceptance, I can assure readers that my affections are not chosen—only their expression.

I have been taught that privacy and tolerance are tenets of American democracy. What transpires in private between adults is of their own concern—no one else's. When antiquated and Victorian laws prohibit such tolerance, and when there is so little understanding of "the love that dare not speak its name," gays have every reason to plead for human rights. No entitlements are demanded here, of the monetary variety, contrary to the implication of your piece—only deference and understanding of a different outlook. This is an outlook, by the way, shared by an estimated 13 per cent of the population who are exclusively gay.

Name Withheld
New York, N.Y.

Veritas

Please tell Keith Mano that this reader is grateful for that flash of brilliant insight ["The Lie Detectors," Oct. 29]: "Virtue is, too often, a sort of practiced trepidation." Good-oh!

F. R. Buckley
Camden, S.C.

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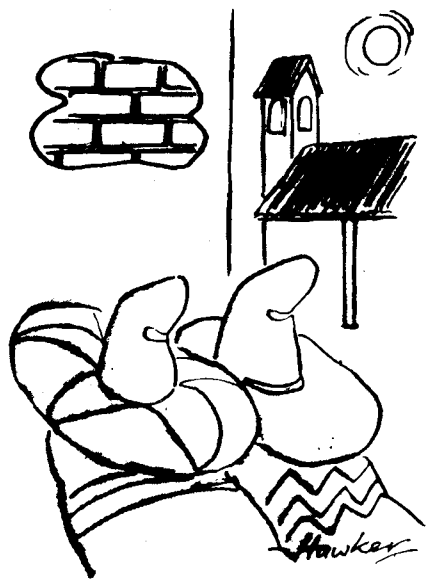
FOR THE RECORD

■ Will **Ronald Reagan** stay the course? "We will not compromise on principle—on what we absolutely believe is essential to recovery," commented Reagan a day after election. . . . Despite loss of 26 GOP seats, White House Communications Director **David Gergen** believes there is a pool of 245 Representatives from which Reagan can get a majority of 218 to support him on certain votes. All of the Boll Weevils, Southern Democrats who provided Reagan with key votes in tax and budget fights, were reelected. . . . Over 60 per cent of candidates backed by Committee on Political Education, AFL-CIO's political arm, won their races. AFL-CIO President **Lane Kirkland** hopes to have labor unified enough to issue an endorsement of presidential candidate by late 1983—before presidential primaries begin. . . . As good as COPE did, it didn't do as well as National Conservative Political Action Committee, which supposedly took 1982 on chin: 70 per cent of NCPAC's candidates won.

■ Most commentators call Senate results even, but GOP actually picked up a seat. Going into election, GOP held 54 seats to 46 for Democrats, but one GOP seat was held by **Nicholas Brady**, New Jersey Republican who was filling seat vacated by **Harrison Williams**, the Abscammed Democrat. When Democrat **Frank Lautenberg** defeated Republican **Millicent Fenwick**, seat returned to Democratic column, where it was since election of Williams in 1958. . . . Party switchers won one and lost one. In Pennsylvania, Rep. **Eugene Atkinson**, who switched from Democrat to Republican last year, was defeated by Democrat **Joseph Kolter**. In Arizona, **Bob Stump**, who made same switch as Atkinson, beat Democrat **Pat Bosch**. . . . In California, liberal Democrat **Phil Burton**, whose redistricting legerdemain antagonized many Californians, managed to eke out win over Republican **Milton Marks**. GOP incumbents **Barry M. Goldwater** and **Robert K. Dornan** sought, unsuccessfully, GOP senatorial nomination after Burton reshaped their House districts into Democratic territory, and are now out, as is Rep. **John Rousselot**. After Burton carved up Rousselot's old district, Rousselot decided to challenge Democratic incumbent **Matthew Martinez** for seat in 30th district. District is heavily Democratic and Martinez won. . . . Voters in northwestern Connecticut elected Republican **Nancy Johnson** to fill seat previously held by **Toby Moffett**, who lost Senate bid to **Lowell Weicker**, Republican whose defeat would have caused fewest tears in White House. Johnson is one of five women newly elected to Congress. Number of women in House is 21, one above previous record. Maryland leads all states with three women: **Barbara Mikulski** (D.), **Marjorie Holt** (R.), and **Beverly Byron** (D.). . . . In Massachusettes, **Ted Kennedy** beat Republican **Ray Shamie**, but Kennedy's 61 per cent of vote was his lowest Senate percentage in twenty years. The other Massachusetts mainstay, **Tip O'Neill**, handily turned back challenge from Republican **Frank McNamara**. . . .



Hawker, *Punch* Rothco

"I honestly don't know how the young people can afford their first hat these days."

■ New CIA report says four million people in Soviet Union are engaged in some kind of forced labor. According to report, number of forced labor camps is 1,100. . . . In New York to receive award from Religion in Communist Dominated Areas, a religious and human-rights organization, **Natalia Solzhenitsyn** told a press conference that repression in USSR has been increasing since 1979 and has reached levels that existed under Stalin. "Both then and now," Mrs. Solzhenitsyn said, "the goal was to totally suppress any kind of free voice in the country." Mrs. Solzhenitsyn also spoke on behalf of **Olena Antoniv Krasivska**, a Ukrainian who is accused by Soviet authorities of stealing money from Russian Social Fund, which is high on Kremlin enemies' list. Speaking of Soviet accusations, Mrs. Solzhenitsyn said, "Cannibals are playing the role of moralists." All fund resources come from royalties on sales of Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* and go to families of imprisoned Soviet dissidents. . . . *One Word of Truth*, film based on Nobel Prize lecture of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, has just won medal at International Film and TV Festival in New York.

■ Hillsdale, Michigan chapter of Young Americans for Freedom has come up with healthy alternative to **Jane Fonda**'s workout program: Conservative aerobics. An aerobic dance-exercise set to the music of **John Philip Sousa**.

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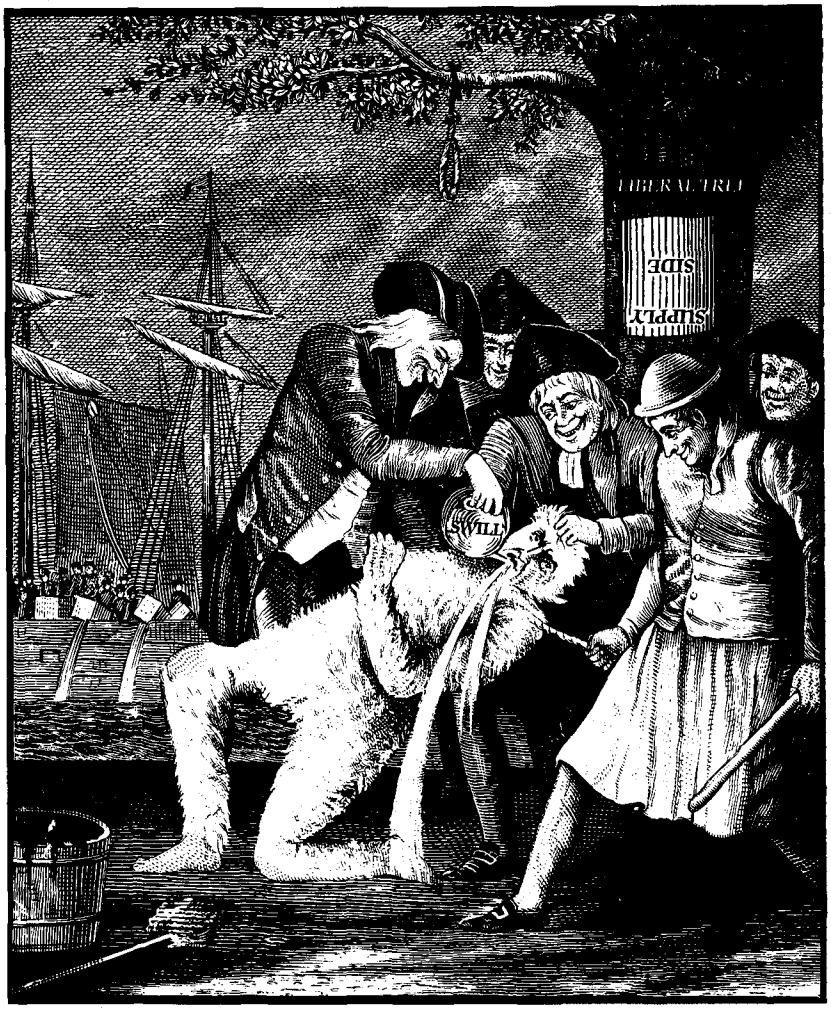

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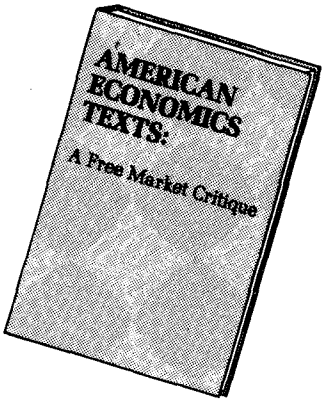

FOREWORD BY WILLIAM SIMON

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THE WEEK

■ Now that *that's* over . . .

■ The nuclear-freeze movement got its proposition before about one voter in four. Stripped of the little niceties that perhaps one voter in four million understands, the proposition was this: Do you want to die in a nuclear war? Quite a few people thought this was a poor idea, so the freeze was approved by a margin of about 2 to 1. Not quite the steamroller one would expect, since it was unopposed (except by a horrible death, if you voted no), but enough to send media announcers into ecstasy. The comment afterward, some of the oiliest on record, went on and on about the heroic efforts of the freeze workers and the magnitude of their victory. Elsewhere, unseen, the heroic freeze workers of the KGB broke open a few bottles and toasted the endless gullibility of American liberals.

■ Sandia National Laboratories in New Mexico did a reactor safety study for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, and reporters went wild. " . . . The worst-case death toll could exceed 100,000 persons . . . a 2 per cent chance of such an accident occurring in the United States before the year 2000. . . ." (*Washington Post*). Wrong again. The odds the *Post* and other papers quoted described the probability of a worst-case meltdown. But meltdowns happen inside containment buildings. Sandia estimated that the chance of a meltdown coinciding with a ruptured containment was about a thousand times less likely. You took a greater risk smoking that last cigarette. Once more, the obsessive concern of nuclear engineers with safety standards and contingencies provides the grist for anti-nuclear ignorami.

■ Union recruiters are having great success organizing the lawyers in the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice, according to the Bureau of National Affairs. Same with the lawyers in the Civil Rights Division. On the horizon is one big union of Justice Department lawyers, including the U.S. attorneys who are supposed to prosecute lawbreakers around the country. Of course, union leaders have their own ideological agenda on antitrust and civil-rights issues, not to mention the question of union violence (the perpetrators of which are supposed to be prosecuted by those very same U.S. attorneys). And most of the Civil Rights Division lawyers have already signed a public letter curtly demanding policy changes from the political appointees who are in theory their bosses. (All of the civil-service jobs are supposed to be "non-policy-making," which is why they are given legal protection in the first place.) If the Permanent Government is not to win its long struggle with the voters' elected representatives, the latter will have to act decisively, because their adversaries have all the staying power.

■ A survey reported in the *Wall Street Journal* found that the investment preferences of people who live in Washington, D.C. are much different from those of people in nine other big cities. Washingtonians put far more of their money into gold than their colleagues (an index of 280 on a scale where the adverage is 100) and put far less into common stocks (index: 50), money-market funds (index: 41), or even that home-grown product, Treasury bonds (index: 13). Could they know something we don't?

■ Miguel Suárez, a computer technologist, had been to Cuba three times since Fidel Castro gallantly permitted Cuban exiles to visit the land they chose to leave. His fourth trip came late in April when he embarked on what was intended to be a brief journey to visit his ailing parents. He has yet to return, making him the third visiting Cuban-American to land in Castro's jails in recent months. The last communication his wife had from him, a telegram dated May 7, explained that his mother was very ill and that he was with her. Since then, whatever information Mrs. Suárez has obtained has been secondhand. On June 15 she learned, by way of a visitor from Cuba to the United States, that Miguel was in jail, charged with unknown crimes. In the following weeks, Mrs. Suárez has gleaned a few more details. The name of his prison is Santa Marta, and he's accused of conducting espionage against the Cuban government. The charge, his wife insists, is an absurdity. Suárez is a computer expert, and speculation is that this explains his detention by the technologically primitive Cubans. Meanwhile, life goes on: Miguel's mother has died; his wife has given birth to their first child; congressmen are sending "Dear President" letters to Castro; and the State Department is behaving in its usual quiet diplomatic fashion. To the dismay of Cuban-Americans, the State Department has yet to issue a warning to would-be travelers to Cuba, especially those born in Cuba, that the hospitable Cuban government may abruptly decide to extend their visit.

■ Edward Potocki is out to shut off another Soviet pipeline, the one that brings vodka to the West. Not wanting the drinking public to go without, Potocki has formed his own company, the Solidarity Vodka Company, and he promises to donate 5 per cent of his gross sales to the Catholic Relief Services for food and medical supplies to the Poles. How does Solidarity measure up to the Soviet competition? We'll let Potocki tell you. All vodka, he says, is distilled from

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

In the post-election analyses, conservative leaders in Washington, especially those of the New Right, were crestfallen, and not wholly without cause. Strategy is what irks them. Ronald Reagan adopted a cut-your-losses strategy in the election, not a strategy of victory. He played the game entirely on his twenty-yard line, and any effort to make the election a grand realignment was abandoned. The game plan was sharply limited: prevent the opposition from scoring too often. Therefore, conservative activists and militants weren't needed.

Every major component of the coalition that helped conservative candidates in 1978 and 1980 was cast aside in 1982. In the earlier years, defense was a referendum issue, symbolized by the Panama Canal Treaty, which mobilized the American Legion, the VFW, and others. Conservatives in those years wanted tax cuts and worked to get them, as did those concerned about the full spectrum of social issues. Conservative activists and militants who battled their liberal opposite numbers in 1978 and 1980—which is what elections are all about—took a vacation this year. Moral Majority held a convention in the Bahamas almost on election eve, as though it had no stake in the outcome. Its estimate of the election was Mr. Reagan's saying unemployment was not his fault. The incumbent President had come to town as an anti-Washington candidate, Moral Majority felt, and now it saw him as the candidate of Washington, playing the Washington game, engaging in Washington arguments, and missing an historic opportunity to change the political landscape of the nation.

It is not the tactics of Mr. Reagan's advisors that conservative activists fault. Jim Baker et al., tinkered well, turning the knobs, reading the dials, letting the polls dictate the behavior. The polls say that the people are against defense? Okay. Shut up on defense. The White House tacticians forgot that when the SALT II issue surfaced in 1978, polls showed the people favored ratification overwhelmingly. But instead of shutting up, conservatives, including Ronald Reagan, said, Hold on a minute! Even though you favor SALT II, consider the following. Then the polls turned around; they no longer favored ratification 2 to 1, they opposed it 2 to 1. Leadership is what made the difference in 1979 and 1980, plus a strategy of victory. This year, the President adamantly refused to go on the offensive, refused to blame liberals for the massive budget deficits that produce unemployment and high interest rates, refused to put the blame for the Social Security debacle on the Democrats, where it belongs, refused to point to the empty nostrums of the Democrats, exposing and exploiting that hollowness.

Conservative militants are now eyeing the White House to see what strategy will be pursued for 1984, whether Paul Laxalt, the new Republican National Committee chairman, will make the difference, and whether Mr. Reagan will put the exponents of the faint-hearted, 1982 cut-your-losses strategy over the side. Much of the Right is also exploring the political terrain for fresh leaders, and many conservative leaders in town feel that they have already found a political diamond, a new darling, Mr. Lew Lehrman. The gubernatorial campaign that he conducted in New York electrified conservative ranks, not only because it was a helluva showing, but also because of the bold, uncompromising substance of it—cutting taxes (a whopping 40 per cent), balancing the budget by cutting spending, halting government funds for abortion, restoring capital punishment. They see Mr. Lehrman's activity as paradigmatic for the country and conservatives at large. The New Right's 1982 Bethlehem, it appears, was New York, and the Star of David shone on Lew Lehrman.

■ Ambassador-at-large, General Vernon Walters did visit with the Pope to talk about—among other things, and not first—the proposed pastoral letter of American Catholic bishops dealing with nuclear deterrence (see page 1470). This disclosure has disturbed Administration officials since it appears as though the Administration is strong-arming the Pope, and, if the Pope does inject himself into the process and turn the bishops from their misguided course (as is expected), it may look as though the Pope could not withstand U.S. pressure, which is nonsense. Fortunately, Cardinal Casaroli, the Vatican Secretary of State, delivered a speech in the Pope's name to the UN last June that was essentially supportive of the Administration, in which the cardinal said, "In current conditions, deterrence based on balance certainly not as an end in itself but as a step on the way toward aggressive disarmament may still be judged morally acceptable." The Administration sees the bishops' tactic of widely leaking the draft as guerrilla warfare. Since it seems unlikely that the draft will get the required two-thirds vote of the bishops, why not give it to the press and let it look like official Catholic doctrine, even though it is not?

—CATO

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grain and if there's "one thing the USSR doesn't do well, it's grow grain."

■ OUT OF THE CLOSET AGAIN. " 'Liberal' is no longer a dirty word," exults the *New York Times*. Not so fast, fellas. Consenting adults is one thing, but we don't want them teaching our children. And the real test of public acceptance will come when Walter Mondale is asked to address a fundraiser for them.

■ The editorial section of *The New Republic*, apparently bemoaning the current composition of the National Council of the Endowment for the Humanities, singles out for special criticism our colleague Jeffrey Hart. "This season's star on the Right is Professor Jeffrey Hart of Dartmouth, former speech-writer for Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan, and author of *When the Going Was Good*. Last month he praised as a 'latter-day Tocqueville' a man who argues that social status is based upon differences that are genetically transmitted." Oh wow. The reference is to a review published in NATIONAL REVIEW of *The New Elite*, by David Lebedoff. Who happens to be a liberal. The review accurately summarized Lebedoff on the point in question, as follows: "Social standing (which reflects earnings and prestige) will be based to some extent on differences among people which are transmitted genetically and environmentally." To create its Straw Racist, all *The New Republic* had to do was ignore "to some extent" and "environmentally." By the way, find

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one person, Left or Right, who would disagree with Lebedoff. *The New Republic* makes great play with a sentence of Brother Hart to the effect that the device of comparing one's opponent with Adolf Hitler is rhetorically frivolous. This is true in most cases, as we know from recalling the emptiness that eventually followed the comparing of Lyndon Johnson with Hitler. The point is of course that of Hart—that this is the kind of thing that ought not to be done. *The New Republic*'s objections to it are not however disqualifying. *The New Republic* has occasionally published Hart, but frequently publishes Nicholas von Hoffman, who, writing in *The Spectator* in London, recently advised his readers that "Americans are coming to see the Israeli government as pounding the Star of David into a swastika," going on to compare the Israeli action in Lebanon to the Nazi extermination of Lidice. The next voice you hear will be *The New Republic*'s, deploring McCarthyism.

■ Haldeman and Ehrlichman didn't make it, but nearly everyone else from the Nixon Administration showed up for a big Washington bash on the tenth anniversary of the Nixon landslide. The former President played the piano, and wrote off the Democrats' gains in the 1982 election: "Instead of getting a knockout, all they got was a split decision." And in retrospect, Watergate looks like a dubious win on a foul by some people who did a lot of eye-gouging of their own. The only bigger Washington social event would be a reunion of all the Democrats who have been convicted of felonies since Mr. Nixon left town.

■ The Soviet Union has proudly put its finest vintages up to a testing by British wine connoisseurs, and the tasters found it a memorable experience. "Amazingly bad," was one comment. "Awful, unbelievable," was another, and that was just about the Ruby of Crimea.

■ At the request of the American Civil Liberties Union, a judge in Los Angeles has refused to let some 16,000 aborted fetuses be moved from county storage to a private cemetery. You figure out the civil-rights angle.

There They Go Again

On CBS the other night
They gave conservatives a fright.
Dan Rather, who could never spell
Rebecca working at the well,
Was so unseemly in his tilt
Toward everything that Teddy built
That some considered his attack
A paid announcement from a PAC.

W. H. VON DREELE

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"I don't understand it—where did I go wrong?"

■ "Lips curled over the Georgian Rkactatele rosé, which tasted suspiciously like recycled petrochemical extract." Boy, that's *bad*. And you thought Old Bowery hurt your teeth?

■ The FDA has assembled what reporters, for reasons known only to reporters, deem a "panel of experts," who vouchsafe to us, no doubt with stopwatches in hand, that over-the-counter drugs like Alka-Seltzer, Bromo Seltzer, Pepto Bismal, et al., should not advertise "fast relief" from what they relieve, because who knows how fast "fast" is? A telling point. But is it not curious that politicians and bureaucrats who promise us relief from high taxes, unemployment, inflation, recession, and all the other miseries inflicted by them are never called to account when the promised relief, fast or slow, just makes things worse?

■ Meanwhile, back at the wine tasting, "Noses crinkled with distaste at the red Napareuli. The spittyons were soon overflowing with sickly sweet white Tsinandali. . . ."

■ *Daily World* headline: "Voters Give Verdict: We Demand New Course!" Do the Commies *always* have to follow the Bill Moyers line?

■ The British wine tasters gallantly recalled that a particularly choice French champagne had been created for Czar Alexander II in 1876, and "if that redoubtable Russian autocrat had been able to join us [at the wine tasting], another batch of unfortunate Soviet citizens would even now be on the cattle trains bound for the salt mines." Some things never change.

■ The editors of *Hymnal 1982* managed, in one swoop, to 1) drop "Once to Every Man and Nation," for implying that God gives only *one* chance to repent; 2) change the genders in "In Christ There Is No East or West" (or Him or Her); 3) drop "God of our Fathers, Known of Old" (Kipling's "Recessional") for being "imperialistic," even though it is a commonplace

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of Kipling criticism that the line "lesser breeds without the Law" referred not to the Fuzzy-Wuzzy but to the Kaiser, who was imperialistic by any definition, if not nearly as bad as Reagan, and why can't we have Nuclear Freeze Now? 4) insert a hymn by Cat Stevens.

■ Not another one! *Time* notes that Nobel prize-winner Gabriel García Márquez has been a Vocal Critic of Rightist Regimes, has donated money to leftist causes, and has been a friend of Fidel Castro for ages—"but the author refuses to be categorized."

■ Meanwhile, Corliss Lamont, in reply to a review of his autobiography in *The New Republic*, hotly denies having been an "apologist for the Soviet Union," toward which his attitude has been, first and last, one of "*critical sympathy*." Beyond rejecting the apologist label, he warns that the review may augur "a revival of the vicious Red-baiting of the McCarthy era."

■ Then there was the veteran KGB interrogator who spent thirty years beating suspected dissidents with a rubber hose, but chose not to be ideologically pigeonholed. "Marxism-Leninism rejects bourgeois stereotypes," he confided to our Moscow correspondent.

■ Leonid Brezhnev's death, which was announced as we went to press, deserves more than spur-of-the-moment treatment. An examination of his life and legacy will follow in the next issue. The rest of the media, without such deadline constraints, must act immediately. In situations of high pressure, stock phrases are apt to creep in. In fact, we can predict some of them. ". . . leader . . . time of transition . . . especially important not to encourage Kremlin hawks. . . ." NATIONAL REVIEW will award its office copy of *Leonid Brezhnev: Pages from His Life* to the author of the most cliché-ridden send-off. Readers are encouraged to submit nominations.

Voting and Leading

I. Vox What?

There was no Reagan mandate, and the voters have repudiated it. This is the emerging consensus of the media on the meaning of the last two elections. Two years ago, when the Republican Party carried 44 states and picked up 12 seats in the Senate and 33 in the House, it meant nothing. This month, when they lost 26 in the House and stayed even in the Senate, it meant a public signal to steer left. Right-wing ideologues, take note. (That means you, Mr. President.)

Thus spake the pundits. Both the analysis and the conclusion are flawed (see below). But even if the voters were to administer a stinging rebuke to conservative principles, what then? There would be consequences for practicing politicians. But how would conservative principles be affected?

It is rationalists and utopians—liberals—who profess to believe that truth will out; not conservatives. "There is no more likelihood," said Samuel Johnson, "that the choice of a rabble will be right than that chance will be right." There is even less likelihood, he might have added, that intellectual fashion will be right. If the conservative movement had steered by yesterday's elections, it would have disbanded after Goldwater carried six states. If it believed what it read on the Op-Ed pages, it would never have gotten started. It will stay the only course worth bothering about.

II. The Results

The Republican margin in the Senate held, giving the GOP the first back-to-back majorities in that body in fifty years. In purely actuarial terms, to stay in place may have been to fall behind; there will be more Republican incumbents two years from now than Democrats, some of them weak.

The House results were skewed by two of the mustiest fixtures in American politics, the gerrymander and the farm vote. Heading into the late Seventies, the Republican National Committee saw a massacre after the 1980 census unless the GOP could better its position in state legislatures. Pots of money were targeted for the purpose, with some results. But several big states remained in Democratic hands—most conspicuously California, in which there occurred a gerrymander so grossly partisan that a referendum to redo it passed this summer. It came too late for this election, however, and so the Republicans lost House seats, notwithstanding that they elected the governor and a senator. Similar situations were obtained in other states.

Half a dozen Republicans went down to defeat in the tobacco belt, chiefly because of a hefty excise included in the Dole tax bill. GOP losses in North Carolina are being widely blamed on the impotence of Jesse Helms, but Republican hopes went up in smoke in South Carolina and southern Virginia as well.

Perhaps only half a dozen losses were due to Reaganomics, more exactly, to ailing industries such as steel and timber. Unfortunately, one district so afflicted belongs to House Minority Leader Robert Michel, who won narrowly. Michel, naturally, must be concerned with what plays in Peoria; not the party as a whole.

There was finally, cutting across all districts, the gender gap. The feminist leadership has long been little more than the Ladies Auxiliary of the Democratic Party. Eleanor Smeal, the chief tricoteuse at NOW, candidly admitted that "for us, a Democratic Congress is better."

Still, women, for the most part, voted marginally but decisively for Democratic candidates. Had the Republicans endorsed ERA, no doubt there would have been less slippage. And had ERA been nothing more than

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cosmetics, there would have been little reason not to have done so. But constitutional amendments these days have the awkward habit of ruining the Constitution. Perhaps what the Republicans need is an ERA with a section specifying, "This article shall not be interpreted by a judge."

III. The Mandate

Republicans and Democrats alike fought the election on economic issues. Reagan's program, although battered, remains the only one in town. No one has a mandate to raise taxes or spending.

But Reagan was not just elected to balance the books. The Republicans made other promises in 1980—about America's strength abroad, and the quality of life at home. Busing and tuition tax credits, the two most popular social issues, were only lightly touched on, both during the campaign and the previous two years. The GOP made no major push on crime. There was no attempt to brand the freeze movement for what it is—a unilateral disarmament ploy that has suckered raftloads of liberal Democrats. (Since the issue has been brought to the level of slogan-mongering, how about a Republican counter-referendum: "America must never be vulnerable to nuclear blackmail.")

Reagan has, so far, played the role of parliamentarian, patching together narrow victories on carefully selected questions. That stance is no longer sufficient.

He won office by fighting aggressively on a broad range of issues. That should be his strategy for the next two years.

Statism Loses the Initiative

On November 2 the voters had a chance to endorse a pile of liberal economic measures, and almost without exception they said no. Washington and Arkansas rejected interest-rate controls, which had been backed by labor unions and consumer activists. And Michigan turned down a chance to ban due-on-sale (that is, untransferable) mortgages. Voters in no fewer than five states tossed out bills requiring deposits on bottles and cans, after television ads showed an army of cockroaches marching on undefended empties.

Ohio and Michigan voters warmed the hearts of good Burkeans everywhere by soundly rejecting proposals for elective, instead of appointive, utility commissions. Better yet, Missourians dumped a plan to set up Naderite consumer lobbies funded by checkoffs on utility bills. Nuclear power issues were split, but the only attempt to shut down an operating plant (in Maine) failed.

In the general rout of propositions, a number of worthwhile measures lost, including efforts to get rid of land-use planning in Oregon, bar state funding of abortions in Alaska, and aid nonpublic school students in California and Massachusetts. But Alaskans passed a constitutional spending limit and endorsed state control over federal land—the "tundra rebellion" (it's like sagebrush, only even more rugged).

As Patrick McGuigan notes in the *Initiative and Referendum Report*, liberals enjoyed impressive success this year in getting their proposals on the ballot. It is thus all the more embarrassing for them (though you wouldn't know it from their silence) to find out how little taste the voters have for progressive economic interventionism.

Trouble Ahead

Changes in the makeup of the House of Representatives, as shown in a *New York Times*/CBS survey, reflect difficulties in holding the line on defense-related issues. On deferring to budgetary constraints by trimming back on scheduled increases in military spending, the new House will reportedly be so inclined in a ratio of 75 to 25 per cent. The corresponding ratio in the present House is 69 to 31. The ratio among upcoming first-term members is 83 to 17 per cent.

On a mutual nuclear freeze with the Soviet Union at present strength levels, the new ratio is indicated as 55 in favor and 45 against—compared to 49 and 51 respectively in the current House. Among newcomers the ratio is reported as 67 to 33 per cent.

Things could be worse. Just suppose the trends in the House had been the same in the Senate. At best, however, getting the MX accepted is likely to be tough going—the more so because any one of the three hundred or so deployment plans so far broached falls short of logical perfection. Even salvaging the verification proviso on nuclear-freeze initiatives in the House may prove a formidable task. Such a resolution—even with the proviso and emphatically so without it—would add to the obstacles for MX in particular and for adequate defense programs in general, to say nothing about dangers of undercutting the U.S. position in the nuclear-arms negotiations in progress (if that is the right word) at Geneva.

These difficulties are candidly acknowledged here in a spirit of "once more into the breach"—not that of putting up a white flag.

George Kennan's Reality Problem

George Kennan, former ambassador to the USSR, has brought together a miscellany of papers, speeches, and essays written since 1950. But gathering emotional momentum are the more recent items, especially the introduction, which offer support to the current anti-nuclear-weapons movement in Europe and the United States. The book is called *Nuclear Delusion*, and, in the course

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Farewell, Jerry Brown

His dream machine was marvelous
For singing in the rain,
Though no one would have climbed aboard
In Iowa or Maine.
But Proposition 13 threw
The fellow for a loop.
When last seen he was spinning where
They dumped the hula hoop.

W. H. VON DREELE

of arguing that nuclear weapons have been a mistake since their beginnings, it makes a number of startling assertions.

For example, it is odd to hear a principal architect of the containment policy now argue that the Soviets have *never* been an expansionist power, and that *every* American Administration since World War II has been *deluded* about Soviet intentions: "The Soviet leadership . . . has no intention, and has never had any intention, of attacking Western Europe," writes Kennan. Well, then, what was it the containment policy was containing?

Kennan argues that it has been the U.S., since the start, that has led and energized the nuclear arms race, and he accuses the U.S. of planning now to project the "nuclear delusion" into outer space.

Coincidental with the appearance of Kennan's new book, Associated Press correspondents in Moscow report on the construction of a colossal new three-hundred-foot-tall Soviet rocket designed to lift into space the huge components of a "space colony," Cosmograd, which will serve both scientific and military purposes. A few details from the AP report:

"*Moscow*—The Soviet Union is building the world's most powerful space rocket and plans to test it next year, according to authoritative sources here. The rocket would be used in 1985 to hurl into orbit the 110-ton core of a massive, manned space station.

"The sources—all of them involved in the Soviet space program—provided a rough outline, and a few details of a program that dwarfs anything that has been approved for the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

"It would be occupied year in and year out by rotating crews of medical researchers, astronomers, workers making pure drugs and materials, satellite repairmen, and military astronauts reconnoitering the globe and manning space weapons . . .

"[The sources] said the goal was to launch a 220,000-pound cylindrical station in 1985 and to initially have ten to 12 persons on board, conducting scientific and military assignments. American military analysts are concerned that the station could serve as a launching platform for satellite-destroying weapons . . ."

Mr. Kennan's intellectual life, especially in more recent years, has resembled a long conversation with himself about America's shortcomings and America's aggressiveness, a conversation only marginally aware of external reality. He is a highly appropriate spokesman for the current movement to disarm the West.

Surprises

October was a terrible month for conventional views on social welfare. Here are a few of the studies that came out:

Writing in the *Public Interest*, Charles Murray observes that poverty, as officially defined, fell steadily from 1950 to 1968 but then leveled off and in 1978 began to rise. Even worse, the economic status of the poor before government benefits are taken into account—which measures how close the poor are to independence—has been deteriorating since 1968. But since "it was not until the budgets of 1967 and 1968 that the Johnson programs were reaching enough people to have a marked impact on the budget," Murray says, "the implementation of the Great Society reforms coincided with an end to progress in reducing poverty."

To check his thesis, Murray ran a statistical correlation of changes in the percentage of Americans living in poverty with, first, overall economic growth, and, second, government anti-poverty programs. "The answer—perhaps surprising to those who have ridiculed 'trickle-down' as a way to help the poor—is that changes in GNP (gross national product) have a very strong inverse relation to changes in poverty. As GNP increases, poverty decreases." Even more striking, as Murray puts it, "social welfare expenditures did *not* have an effect on poverty. *Once the effects of GNP are taken into account, increases in social welfare spending do not account for reductions in poverty during the last three decades.*"

Also on the welfare question: a Heritage Foundation report by Jonathan Hobbe found that it would take $101.8 billion to raise every American above the poverty line this year, based on the latest available census data. Actual spending at all levels of government for welfare, "income security," and whatever, totaled $403.5 billion, almost exactly four times as much. And, of course, many Americans remained below the poverty level anyway. The $300-billion-plus difference between these two figures went in large part to a "nationwide welfare industry" of more than five million public and private workers.

Thomas Gale Moore of the Hoover Institution studied the four Republican and four Democratic Administrations since 1949, and found that conventional views of party policy stood matters on their head. GOP Presidents raised social spending even faster than Democrats (up 174 per cent versus 152 per cent). Republicans also regulated even more than Democrats (167 per cent ver-

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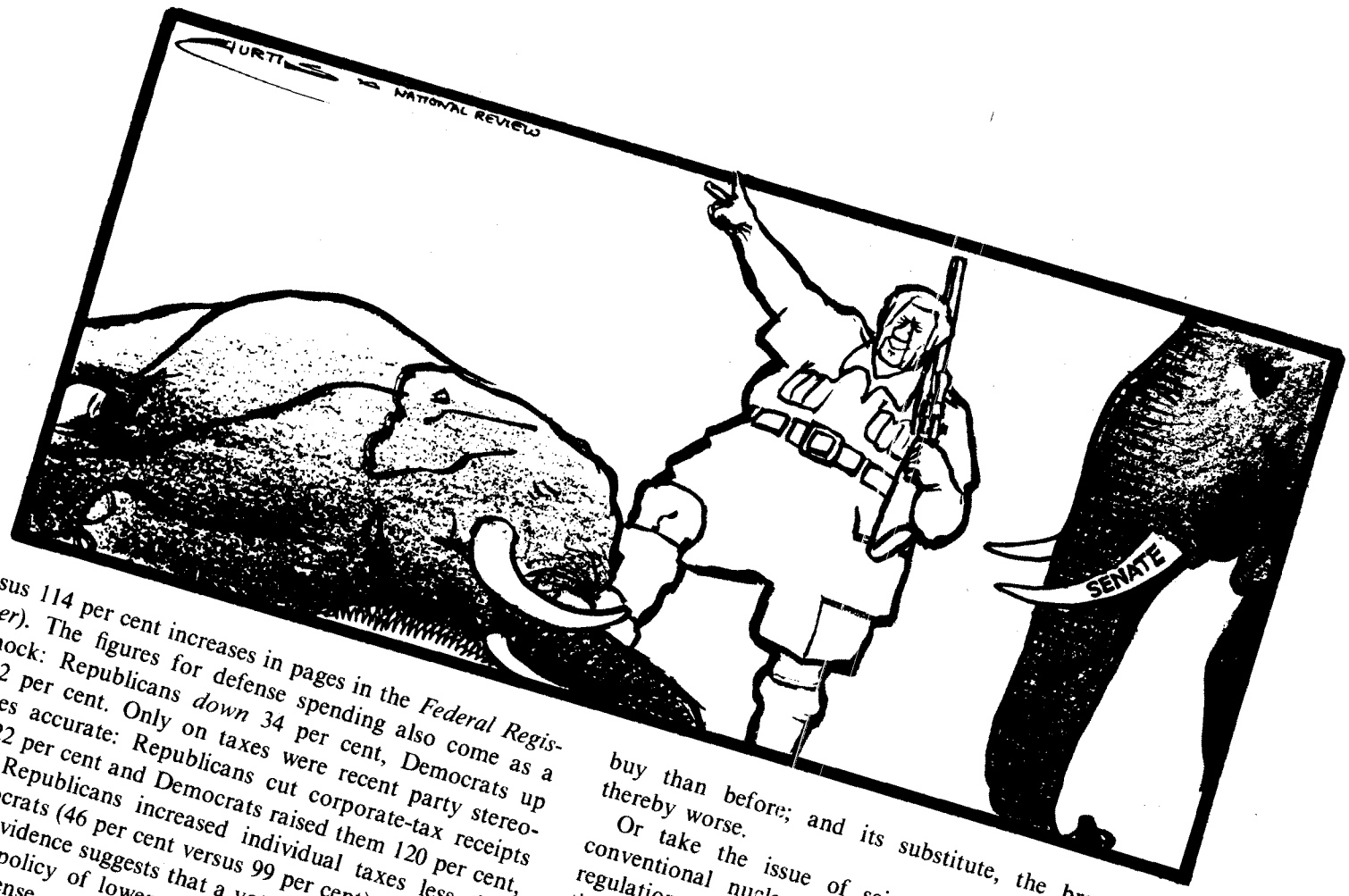

sus 114 per cent increases in pages in the *Federal Register*). The figures for defense spending also come as a shock: Republicans *down* 34 per cent, Democrats up 212 per cent. Only on taxes were recent party stereotypes accurate: Republicans cut corporate-tax receipts by 22 per cent and Democrats raised them 120 per cent, and Republicans increased individual taxes less than Democrats (46 per cent versus 99 per cent). Moore says: "The evidence suggests that a voter who wants a 'Democratic' policy of lower defense spending and increased non-defense spending should vote Republican. If he yearns for a 'Republican' policy of more defense spending and reduced non-defense spending he should cast his ballot for a Democratic President."

Wrong in the Clinch

Congress will soon be voting on an appropriations bill of $227 million to start work on the Clinch River breeder reactor in Tennessee. Many conservatives have stayed on the fence in the Clinch River debate, not wanting to seem to endorse the antinuke crusade. They should climb down, and join the opposition. The fact is that the very reasons we should support nuclear power are reasons for us to oppose the Clinch River breeder project.

Take, for example, the question of uranium supplies. Not long ago the antinuke forces were assuring us that we were running out of uranium, that there was not enough left to keep nuclear plants going for more than a couple of decades at most. Two years ago, uranium-ore prices stood at $40 per pound, and many people thought they were going higher, all the way up to the $120 to $280 range (in 1980 dollars) at which breeders (which economize on uranium) would begin to make sense. Since then, however, ore prices have fallen to less than $18. Conventional nuclear power is a better buy than before; and its substitute, the breeder, is thereby worse.

Or take the issue of scientific innovation. Unless conventional nuclear power is choked off by over-regulation, it can look forward to design and operational refinements that will improve both safety and efficiency, in existing as well as new plants. But the Clinch River project is a "demonstration" that demonstrates nothing; the French have already constructed a commercial breeder, and long before Clinch River is finished they will have completed a new and larger version. (Both have turned out to be uneconomic.) We do know the breeder can, like an Eiffel Tower made from toothpicks, be physically put together; the question is whether it's worth the trouble. Research on breeders is done at a separate facility, which is not at stake here. By the time breeders do make economical sense—which, according to the scientists, may be sometime between the years 2020 and 2040—the Clinch River plant would be hopelessly obsolete, if not actually rusted out.

All this at a cost that is hefty even by Federal Government standards: as high as $7 billion to $8 billion, according to General Accounting Office figures, up from an original 1971 estimate of $400 million. "The free market doesn't create these kinds of monstrosities," says Fred Smith Jr. of the Council for a Competitive Economy. "The tax increase was to some extent brought on by things like Clinch River."

Reagan and the Blacks

In response to settled hostility from numerous black spokesmen and political organizations, the Reagan Administration replies, in effect, that "we are doing very well, better, indeed, than previous Administrations." The President himself has lately made symbolic ges-

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tures, and the White House has even put together a compendium of Administration accomplishments of particular interest to blacks: civil-rights enforcement, protection of equal opportunity in housing, job training, planning of enterprise zones, and, above all, the wider program for economic recovery.

A few considerations: the Reagan Administration cannot hope realistically to increase its proportion of the black vote in presidential elections. That vote remains constant at about 90 per cent Democratic, and it does not matter whether the nominee is Hubert Humphrey, George McGovern, Jimmy Carter, or Leon Trotsky. The black vote is thus an anomaly in contemporary American politics, so solidly Democratic that it is a "write off"—and nearly as much for the Democrats as for the Republicans. Relative to its numerical strength, the black vote has little practical influence in either major party, at least at the national level, because it is so predictable.

Furthermore, the Democrats, as the more "welfarist" of the two major parties, can outbid the Republicans for the black vote—though, as the more welfarist party, its prospects of actually achieving national power lessen as anti-sentiment crystallizes.

Given those factors, it could be argued that the Reagan Administration has not moved vigorously enough on such issues as racial busing, reverse-discrimination, and quotas—which it has a clear mandate to curtail.

But it is probably wise for the Administration to launch a pro forma appeal to blacks. First because to the extent that the Administration's record is good for all Americans it is, ipso facto, good for blacks; and, second, because there are those, including white Republicans, for whom one's solicitude for the black American has a numinous quality, above and beyond practical matters. It is a touchstone of good will. In its recent gestures, the Administration has taken account of that reality.

That Vietnam Monument

Amid parades, color guards, rifle salutes, speeches, and reunion parties stretching far into the wee hours, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial was dedicated on its site near the Lincoln Memorial.

The sculpture has been controversial since the winning design was first announced. It consists of a 440-foot "V"-shaped slab of black granite that rises to a peak in the middle and slopes to the ground on its wings. On it have been carved, in the order in which they died, the names of the 59,684 men and eight women who were killed in the war.

The sculpture was designed by Maya Lin, at the time a Yale undergraduate. It reminds some, objectionably, of the anti-war "V" symbol. Others consider the black color too funereal. Tom Wolfe has written that the monument is a modernist cliché, an academic exercise. A more traditional sculpture plus a flagpole will be placed nearby to appease these critics, or some of them.

Experienced directly, however, rather than in theory, the memorial possesses considerable power and even eloquence. Much of this comes from its high-gloss surface on which both the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument reflect—suggesting, if you wish, some of the ideals for which the men fought and died, and also joining their monument to American history itself. The spectator, moreover, sees his own reflection superimposed on the carved names, symbolically uniting him to them. Miss Lin has not only a sense of design, but a sense of design-in-its-site, and she has created something unusual and beautiful.

Teddy and Tip to the Rescue

With what I know of what they know,
If these two circled Jericho
  And blew their horns,
Despite the trumpeting and sweat,
The net result for this duet
  Would be some corns.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Though brevity may be the soul of wit, it appears increasingly without its complement to characterize the acknowledgment of NATIONAL REVIEW subscription renewals. My second observation of this phenomenon was your reply in a recent issue to Mr. Emmons S. Smith's inquiry about "bloviation" in the "Notes & Asides" column.

Methinks that Mr. Smith's complaint about your coinage was correct and that you, aware at least subconsciously of the accuracy of the complaint, defensively debloviated your reply to Mr. Smith. To the point —"bloviation" DOES NOT, i.e., DOES NOT appear in *Webster's Third* on page 239 or on any other page; "bloviate" does in fact appear on page 239 of *Webster's Third* from which you evidently, in a kind of reverse back formation (front formation?), produced "bloviation." As an aside, the noun in "-tion" does not inevitably follow in *Webster's* view from the verb in "ate," as witness the specific examples of "obfuscate/obfuscation," page 1555 of *Webster's Third*, and "orate/oration," page 1586 of the same, and the absence of

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"pration" from "prate," page 1782. Therefore, I conclude that you did in fact coin the term "bloviation" or used someone else's coined word. Further, and more grievously, you did not satisfy Mr. Smith's need by referring him to a book that obviously was not at Mr. Smith's hand.

My first observation of the association of brevity and NATIONAL REVIEW subscription renewals occurred a few months ago when, in response to my own subscription renewal, I received an abridged copy of *A Hymnal.* (I'm sure that I missed the reference to "abridged" when I read the solicitation for the subscription renewal.) As for the condensed version which I received, I might have been content with it except that the introduction, evidently not abridged from the original, described a review of a book by John Greenway, which review DID NOT, i.e., DID NOT appear in my copy. Therefore, I had to visit the public library to obtain the unabridged version of *A Hymnal* and the review of Mr. Greenway's book. (Appears a sudden light bulb above my head—can it be that the brevity and abridgment are in fact facets of your subtle method of encouraging use of one's public library, or of selling unabridged copies of your works or of *Webster*? Surely, you can guess that the denouement of this tale is that the book by Mr. Greenway which you reviewed was already in my personal library.

Lest it appear that I have forgotten Mr. Smith, you must agree that a dramatic reading (preferably aloud) of the preceding illustrates cogently the definition he seeks. Alternatively, see the postscript.

Cordially,
John A. Meehan Jr.
Garden Grove, Calif.

P.S. *Webster's Third*, page 239, specifies "bloviate" as "(vi), -ed, -ing, -s: to orate verbosely and windily."

Dear me. But surely to bloviate breeds bloviation, even as to satiate breeds satiation? I shall see that the point gets made in *Webster's Fourth.* —WFB

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla
Re: Our October 1 cover

No. 187—the lead man in the race—just called, somewhat mystified to see himself on a NATIONAL REVIEW cover three years after the event. Checking the masthead he saw Priscilla L. Buckley there and phoned to say hello. It turns out he was a classmate of niece Priscilla at Williams, his name is Frank Carr, he urges me to urge her to attend their Fifth Reunion. Did he mind being on *NR*'s cover? Not at all. It was one of the only two times he was in the lead.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Just a brief note on what passes for scholarship at Columbia University. In the *New Columbia Encyclopedia* (fourth edition 1975) there is an entry for Peter Fonda (!) and of course, Jane, but none for Neil Armstrong. Norman Mailer gets more space than either Sir Thomas Browne or G. K. Chesterton. Joe Namath gets more than Admirals King, Nimitz, or Halsey. Audie Murphy? William F. Friedman, who broke the Japanese Purple Code? Richard Bong, the leading U.S. air ace of World War II? Sorry, none of the three is deemed worthy of mention, but there is plenty of room for Andy Warhol, Joan Baez, and Pauline Kael. The examples need not be multiplied. These should suffice to show that the *NCE* is truly the *People* magazine of encyclopedias.

I hit on these in a hasty search when, puzzled and angry, I could find no entry for the late General Lewis B. "Chesty" Fuller, legendary Marine hero and winner of five (!) Navy Crosses, any one of which could have been a Medal of Honor, and probably would have been in another branch of service. He was wounded at least seven times and served his country with great distinction and gallantry for forty-odd years, and he is passed over in the *NCE* for the topwaters of American pop culture.

You may also be interested to know how Chambers and Hiss are handled.

The entries begin:

"Chambers, Whittaker, 1901-61, U.S. journalist and spy, b. Philadelphia. . . ."

"Hiss, Alger, 1904—, American public official, b. Baltimore. . . ."

Sincerely,
Walter McNeese
Little Rock, Ark.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

On a recent mountain-climbing expedition in Nepal, I discovered, at 17,760 feet, engraved into the east (or right) face of Mount Dhaulagiri, a perfectly preserved facsimile of the first NATIONAL REVIEW cover, transliterated into Nepalese.

I did not know you a) sculpted and b) climbed mountains. Do you have any idea how many climber/subscribers your efforts may have won you?

If you were less modest and allowed this feat to become part of the conventional wisdom, the editors of the *Washington Post*, perhaps in a fit of jealousy, would climb the George Washington face on Mount Rushmore, at which point Secretary Watt, given due notice, could have them all arrested for defacement of federal property.

Very truly yours,
Michael A. Fusco, III
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Fusco: A terrific idea! But how would a *Washington Post* editor know which is George Washington?

Cordially,
—WFB

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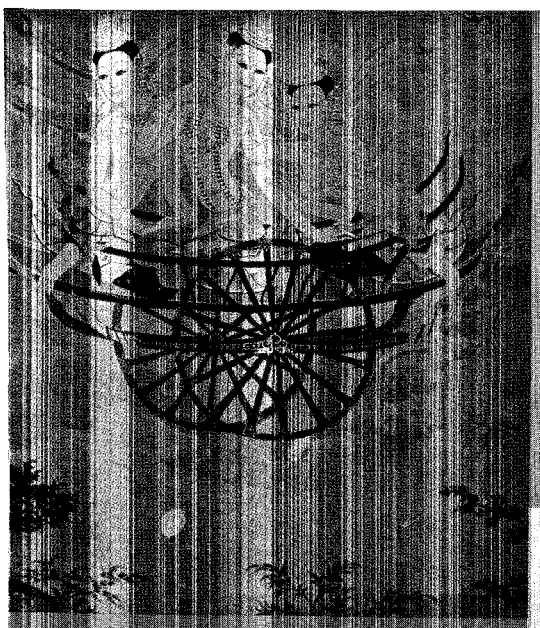
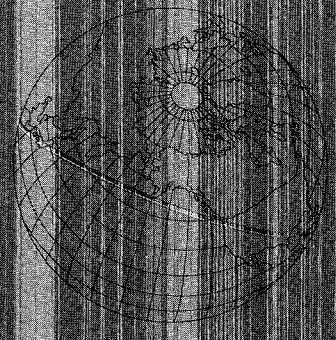


For centuries, flight has been part of our everyday life. The practical expressed with gracefulness and beauty. Found again and again in the legendary Ramakien episodes where travel between heaven and earth was a daily necessity. And uniquely Thai.

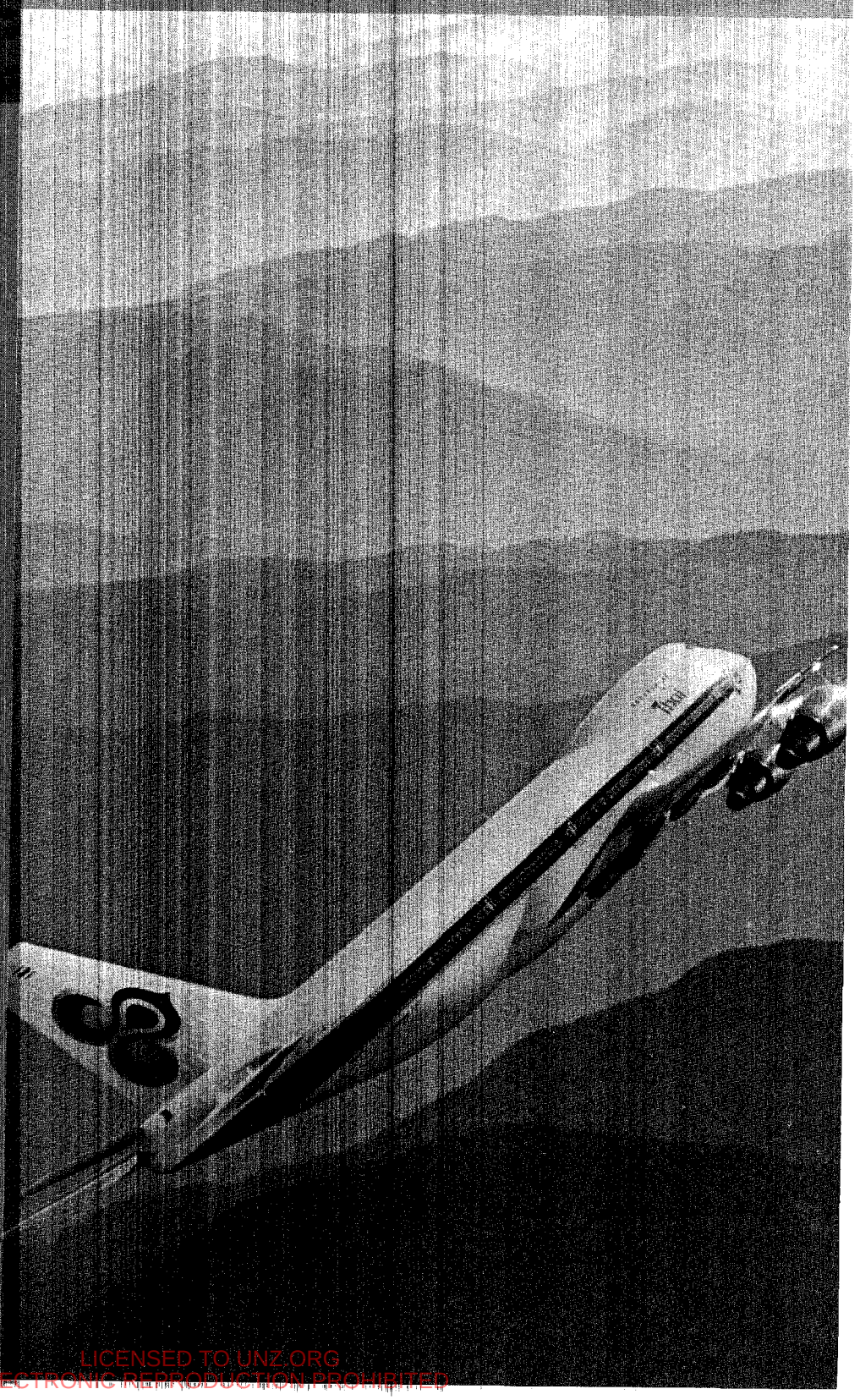
The richness of Thai tradition has permeated each plane. The physical is obvious: murals of authentic Temple art; a greeting of fresh orchids; the bowing, graciousness of the Thai "hello" (that exotic "wai" gesture). The essence of the experience becomes Royal Orchid Service. However, Thai imaginativeness stretches even to devising a route that cuts more than a thousand miles from travel to the Orient.



It is the "Great Circle Express," starting in Dallas/Fort Worth and flying a straight line to Seattle, Tokyo, Bangkok. It, like everything else, is extraordinary and Thai.

Thai

A Flight of Graciousness.



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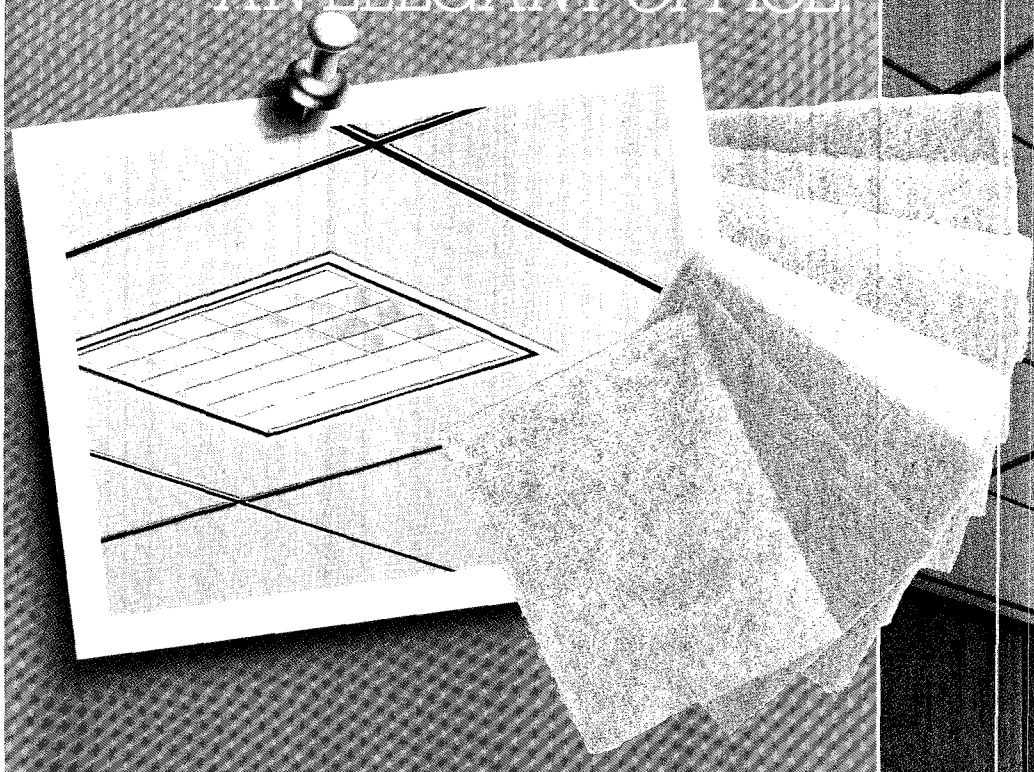

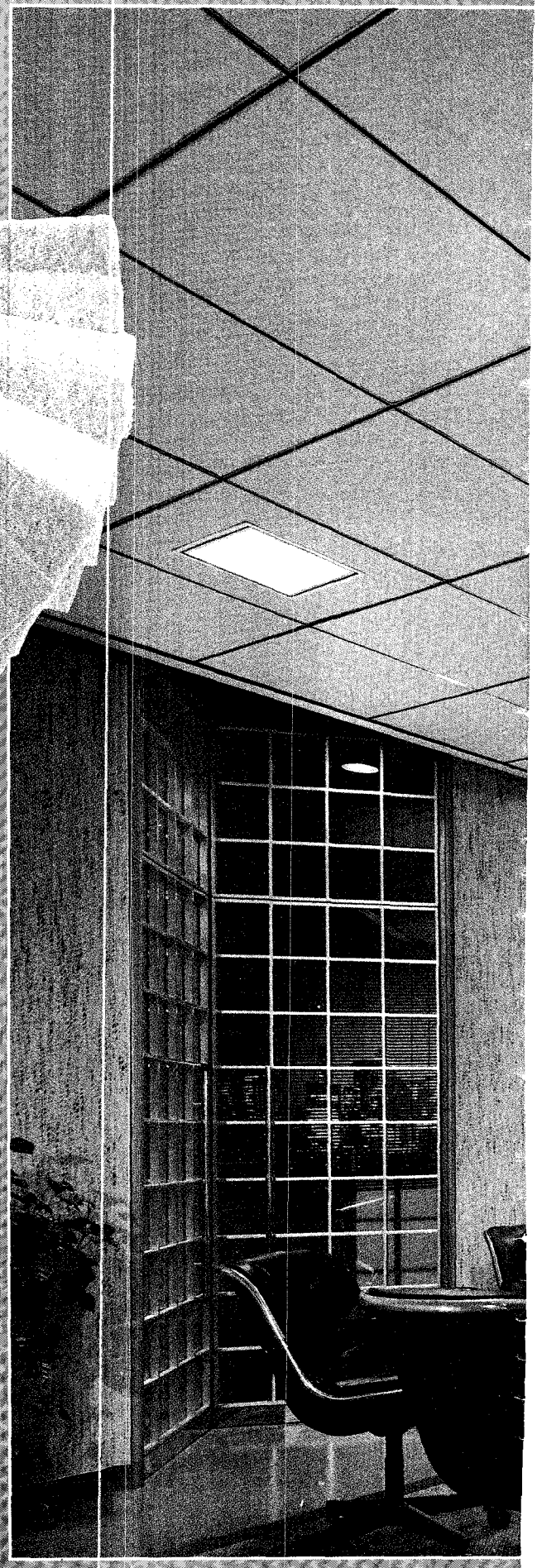

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Triad or Dyad

DURING THE lame-duck session of Congress starting November 29, the most important challenge facing the President will be, not Social Security, but the strategic doctrine of the United States. Since taking office, the President has been pushing the modernization of the nuclear triad: the B-1 bomber with the follow-on Stealth (the air leg); the Trident submarine (water); and the MX missile (land). Will the triad survive?

To date Congress has drifted with the President on his proposed modernization of strategic forces, adhering to its tradition of never having killed a major strategic-weapons program advanced by an incumbent President. Defense cancellations by Congress during its just-finished session were non-nuclear items: the Lockheed C-5 transport, and the $54-million program for a new generation of lethal nerve-gas weapons.

The lame-duck session (and the new Congress beginning in January) may not treat Mr. Reagan so kindly. The expected hubbub will focus on the third leg of the triad, the MX—not the missile itself, a triumph of engineering, with such vast power, speed, and accuracy as to seriously alarm the Soviets (witness Brezhnev's October 27 address to the Soviet military with its veiled admissions of the superiority of U.S. weapons), but the MX's basing. Deployed Soviet ICBMs can pinpoint targets remarkably well—considerably better than our Minutemen. The fear is that if the Soviets strike first, the MXs, if housed in existing Minuteman silos, howsoever armored, would be readily canceled out by the powerful Soviet ICBMs. Since, practically speaking, the U.S. will not strike first, it is a *sine qua non* that the MXs be shielded from a first strike so they can respond with sufficient energy and precision against remaining Soviet ICBMs to deter the Soviets from firing at us in the first place. Our submarine missiles lack the precision to do the job; our planes are too slow.

Congress requires that the President submit, by December 1, the Administration's plan on how to base the MXs. Earlier Mr. Reagan had rejected Jimmy Carter's multiple protective shelter (MPS) plan, with two hundred MXs scattered and periodically moved among four thousand underground silos and decoys. Having ridiculed that idea, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger then gave us a knee-slappingly harebrained alternative called the "Big Bird," a flying behemoth with a 360-foot wingspan, hovering at an altitude of five thousand feet, and chugging along at 150 mph, a prodigious sitting (lumbering) duck for Soviet target practice.

Dense Pack, or "closely spaced basing" (CSB), is the President's newest basing mode for the MX, to be officially unveiled before December 1. Dense Pack is a system that narrows the silo siting area to a hundred square miles in which one hundred MXs are concentrated about 1,500 feet from one another, in hardened silos capable of withstanding ten thousand pounds per square inch. Dense Pack's lethal magic is nuclear "fratricide": getting one incoming Soviet ICBM to kill its brother ICBM. The first warhead to explode neutralizes later incoming warheads—the radiation causes them to malfunction, or they are blown off course by the blast and the mushrooming rubble. Theoretically, the Soviets could nullify fratricidal effects by timing the missiles to detonate simultaneously; however, these explosions would have to be separated by no more than one-millionth of a second.

"It may be an endangered species, but I figure I'm giving it a good home."

Liberals in Congress (and the Russians) will argue that Dense Pack violates SALT II (which Mr. Reagan, you'll recall, has not formally approved, but has said he would not undercut if the Soviets showed matching restraint) because the system entails construction of new fixed ICBM launchers. Pro-Packers will counter by saying that the launchers are the canisters in which the MXs are actually housed, not the armored holes, and so are not fixed. This reasoning is also known as outwitting the bear.

WHEN PRESIDENT Reagan sends the Dense Pack to Congress, he should, I submit, also do the following:

1. Wire in the principals on the Hill, carefully and early, especially Senators John Tower and Howard Baker, and the rest of the leadership, so that they will have a vested interest in Dense Pack, and the perpetuation of the triad. Otherwise, like AWACS in its early stages, the Pack will come unpacked.

2. Give a TV address to the nation and, in simple, nontechnical language, elucidate the strategic policy and programs of the United States with substance, eloquence, and seminal direction, as in the recent Mideast speech.

3. Declassify information on Soviet nuclear "shockers" during the six months just past, notably Soviet missile deployments despite Brezhnev's bogus embrace of the freeze option, and—in the manner of JFK displaying the aerial photos of Soviet missiles and aircraft in Cuba—put it up front in the TV talk.

4. Confront closet dyadists—not only in Congress, but in the services—who obstruct the MX because, in their jaundiced and parochial outlook, it has no bread-and-butter value for them.

5. Show how the triad gives leverage at the START talks by forcing serious negotiations, reducing armaments, enhancing deterrence.

Deterrence has its own laws and logic, as the Russians have underlined by engaging in "normalization" talks with the People's Republic of China, having decided to do so in mid-October, less than a week after the PRC launched its first missile from a submerged submarine. Deterrence may not be peace, but it has worked pretty well in the past, and, like infatuation, it may have to do until the real thing comes along. □

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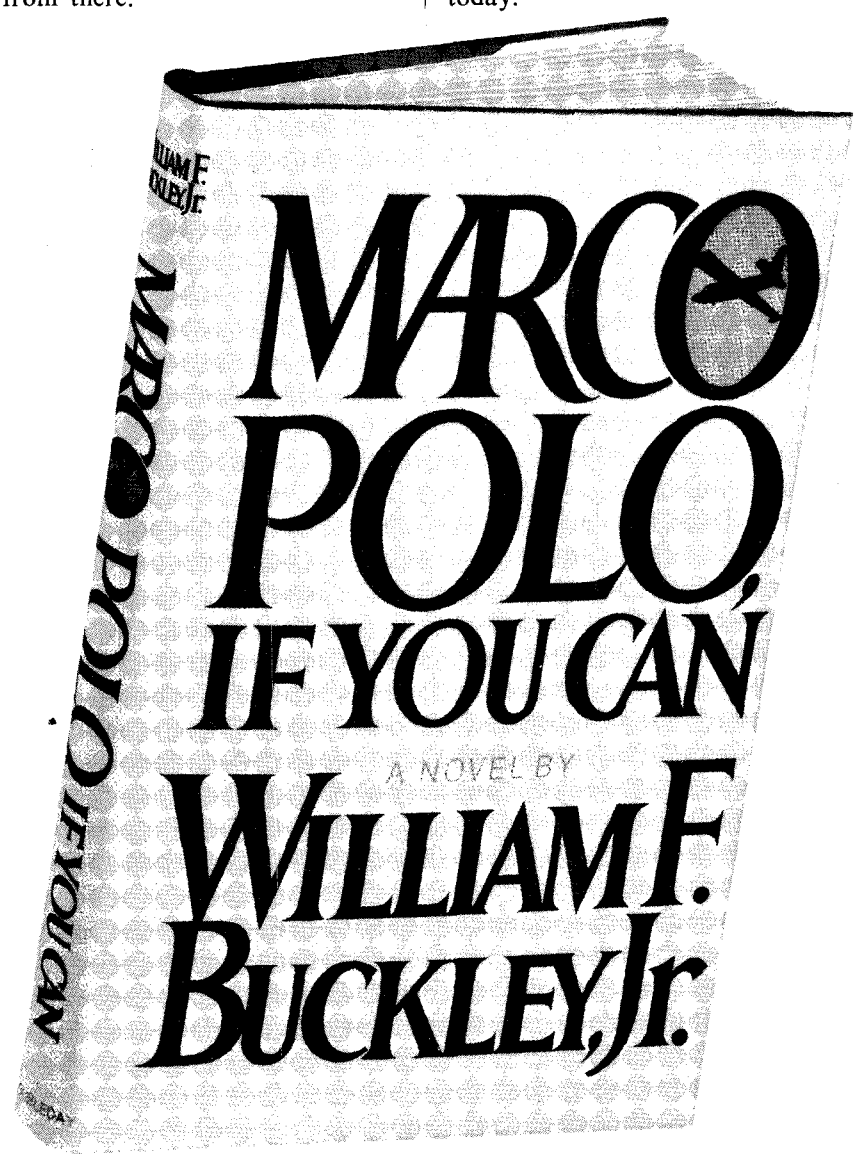

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Beyond Helsinki

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

I AM NOT, at the time of writing, privy to the deliberations of the obviously important two-day conference called by the Secretary of State, Mr. George P. Shultz, late in October as a follow-up to President Reagan's speech before Britain's Houses of Parliament last spring. But I do have some suggestions to make for a follow-up to the follow-up.

The President, you will remember, took a line diametrically opposite to that taken by his predecessor in his speech of May 22, 1977. Jimmy Carter called on his fellow Americans to drop their inordinate fear of Communism. Ronald Reagan dwelt on the worldwide danger of expansive Communism and called on the West to do something about it. By "doing something," he meant helping to foster democratic institutions within the Soviet empire.

As Secretary Shultz glossed the President's words, the U.S. would not seek to foment violent unrest in Communist countries but considered it a responsibility, "both moral and strategic," to meet the call for help from those seeking to bring about change.

As it happens, we have a perfect arsenal of nonviolent weapons in the Final Act of the Helsinki conference of 1975. So deadly (in the figurative sense) are these weapons that by using them the West can, for a change, only win, and cannot lose.

Goal of Detente

The Helsinki conference was the culmination of the "detente" process, by which Brezhnev and his colleagues hoped to gain access to Western technology on easy credit terms, in order to enable the Soviet Union to outstrip the West in both military and economic power, and so dominate the world.

These objectives were fully achieved in the run-up to the Helsinki conference. The meeting itself was designed, by the Soviet Union, to achieve a number of specific objectives, some of which were spelt out, and others kept quiet. The explicit ones: the dissolution of NATO and the Warsaw Pact; the "immutability" of postwar frontiers in Europe (implying Western recognition of Stalin's conquests); and the drawing up of a document with the force of a peace treaty. Then there were the unstated objectives, which included the removal of the American armed forces in Europe (which would of course follow from a dissolution of the military pacts); and the psychological, and if possible the military, disarmament of Western countries, so that, under cover of "detente," the Soviets could continue to expand their arms program.

Frontiers of the East

From the Soviet standpoint, Helsinki was only partially successful. The military pacts remained undissolved, and the American forces, therefore, stayed in Europe. As for the "immutability" of frontiers, no other subject was so tenaciously and minutely negotiated on the Western side. In the end, the Western diplomats gave the Soviets not immutability but "inviolability"—in other words, an undertaking that nobody on the Western side would use force to restore territories to their rightful owners.

What price did the Soviets pay in return for their undoubted gains? A gigantic price, if the Final Act was considered binding; and zero if it was to be ignored. And ignored it certainly was, by the Soviets.

The theoretical price lay in the so-called Basket III, concerning human rights. The Soviets solemnly agreed to respect human rights, to allow free travel to and from their territory, and to distribute Western publications freely. What actually happened was that the KGB stepped up its persecution of intellectual and political dissenters, and that the Kremlin, as before, banned all Western books and periodicals of which it disapproved, and continued to send only supervised parties on travels to the West (the supervisors being KGB officers, again as before).

Since the Helsinki Final Act, there have been two review conferences, as provided under Basket IV: one in Belgrade, the other in Madrid. Belgrade, frankly, was a Western exercise in appeasement, on the lines of, "Well, what can you expect—they're Russians, after all." Madrid was much tougher. The admirable leader of the American delegation (after the change of Administration) was Max Kappelman, who trounced the Soviets unmercifully.

The trouble, however, is that the Soviets, along with other Communists, have remarkably thick skins. So the Final Act simply remained a dead letter inside the Soviet Union. The various groups monitoring observance of the Helsinki agreement have all been suppressed, and the 11 intellectuals who, last June, called for measures to build up trust between the USSR and the U.S. were duly arrested.

The point is that Basket IV contains our weapons, if we are not too timid to use them. If, as the President and the Secretary of State have affirmed, the U.S. wants to help those who call for change inside the Soviet empire, we should simply issue a strictly nonviolent ultimatum: either provide immediate and continuing proof that the human-rights provisions of Helsinki are being observed, or the Madrid conference will not be reconvened and, indeed, the Final Act will be repudiated de jure by the Western side.

Specifically, the Western powers should denounce the passages in the Final Act relating to the postwar frontiers of Europe. We should propose instead the rapid convening of a general peace conference, to wrap up the loose ends left by Soviet annexations, Potsdam, Yalta, transfers of population, etc.

For good measure, why not a dose of Wilsonianism (Woodrow vintage) and self-determination for the oppressed nationalities of the USSR? Come to think of it, was it not rather anomalous of President Truman to agree at San Francisco, 37 years ago, to the granting of three UN seats instead of one? Should we not call upon the Soviets to prove that the Ukraine and Byelorussia are truly sovereign and independent states, each entitled to its own seat in the General Assembly? Do they have embassies, legations, consulates of their own? If not, why not?

Consider these proposals, and ask yourself if you can imagine any others more likely to bring comfort to those who wish for change behind the Iron Curtain. □

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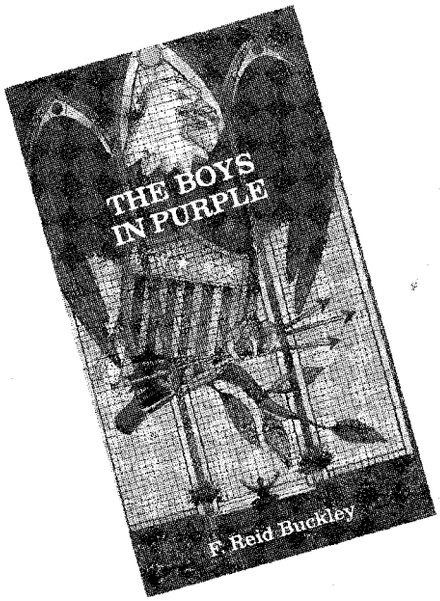
Here's Something You Missed*



Reid Buckley's two brilliant essays on The Decline and Decadence of the Catholic Church of America appeared in recent issues of *The Southern Partisan*. Mr. Buckley has expanded those essays in this special publication—*essential reading for those who care about the havoc being wreaked on the American Catholic Church by liberal bishops.*

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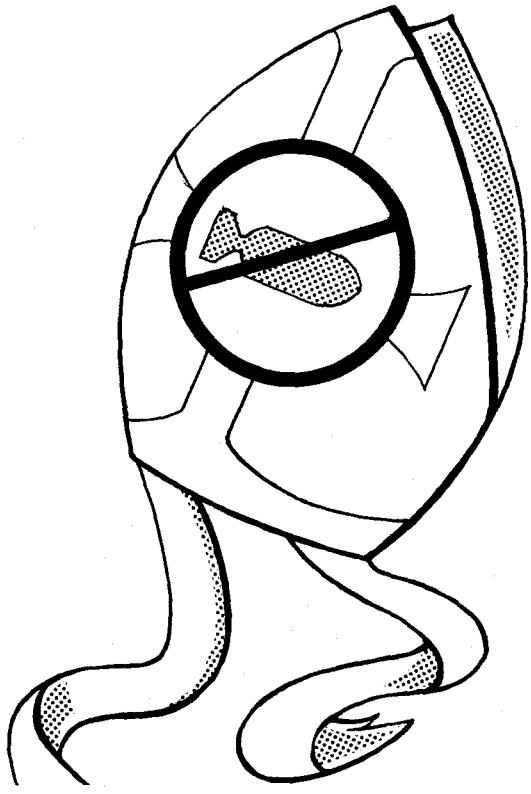
ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

BISHOPS on the BRINK



FOR A MAN living geographically in what one might call the trenches of the still-free world (I reside in Austria, which sits between the NATO powers and the Iron Curtain), it is always nerve-racking to visit America, the home front. Some years ago I visited, in turn, Vietnam and the United States: and witnessed, in a state of extreme depression, the folks at the home base losing all interest in the front-line forces. The struggle in Vietnam was lost in Washington.

This season, visiting the United States, I came upon "The Challenge of Peace," the recently revised draft of a proposed pastoral letter on nuclear armaments, written by a committee of the National Conference of (American) Catholic Bishops.

The committee's initiative is by no means completed. The present draft is scheduled for debate this month at a full-scale meeting in Washington of the nation's bishops. A final version of the pastoral letter won't be promulgated until next spring, after another special meeting of the bishops—at which point it will become the basis of the U.S. Catholic Church's teachings on nuclear arms. If anything like the present version of the letter is approved, the bishops will have done nothing less than place the American Catholic Church in opposition to the nuclear strategy of the United States.

The present draft opposes fundamental concepts of U.S. nuclear strategy: for instance, the threat of first use of nuclear weapons if necessary to repel a Soviet invasion of Western Europe on such a scale as cannot be coped with by conventional forces. "Non-nuclear attacks by another state," the draft says, "must be resisted by other than nuclear means . . . The danger of escalation is so great that it is an unacceptable risk to initiate nuclear war in any form."

After the original draft of the bishops' letter came to public notice last spring, members of the Reagan Administration and various others tried to persuade the bishops to modify their position. Instead, if anything, they hardened it. For example, while the first draft said nothing about the MX missile, the current draft warns against "the development and deployment of destabilizing weapons" and against "weapons which are likely to invite attack and therefore give credence to the concept that the U.S. seeks a first-strike, 'hard-target kill' capability." The draft specified that the "MX missile might fit" into this category.

The immediate question for me, coming from the heart of Europe, is this: What do the bishops *really* want? After all, their predecessors were silent when Hiroshima and Nagasaki were wiped out. The difference today isn't so much the capacity to kill civilians, which capacity the West had, in fact, gone a long way toward perfecting even before we invented the bomb. The new factor is not so much the bomb, as the lure of pacifism, heightened by apocalyptic threats. Some bishops (by no means all) are acting out the famous exclamation of Ledru-Rollin: "I am their leader, so I must follow them!" As successors of the Apostles, the bishops would do better to take the injunction of St. Paul in Ro-

Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn is the author of many books, including Leftism: From de Sade and Marx to Hitler and Marcuse *and* The Timeless Christian.

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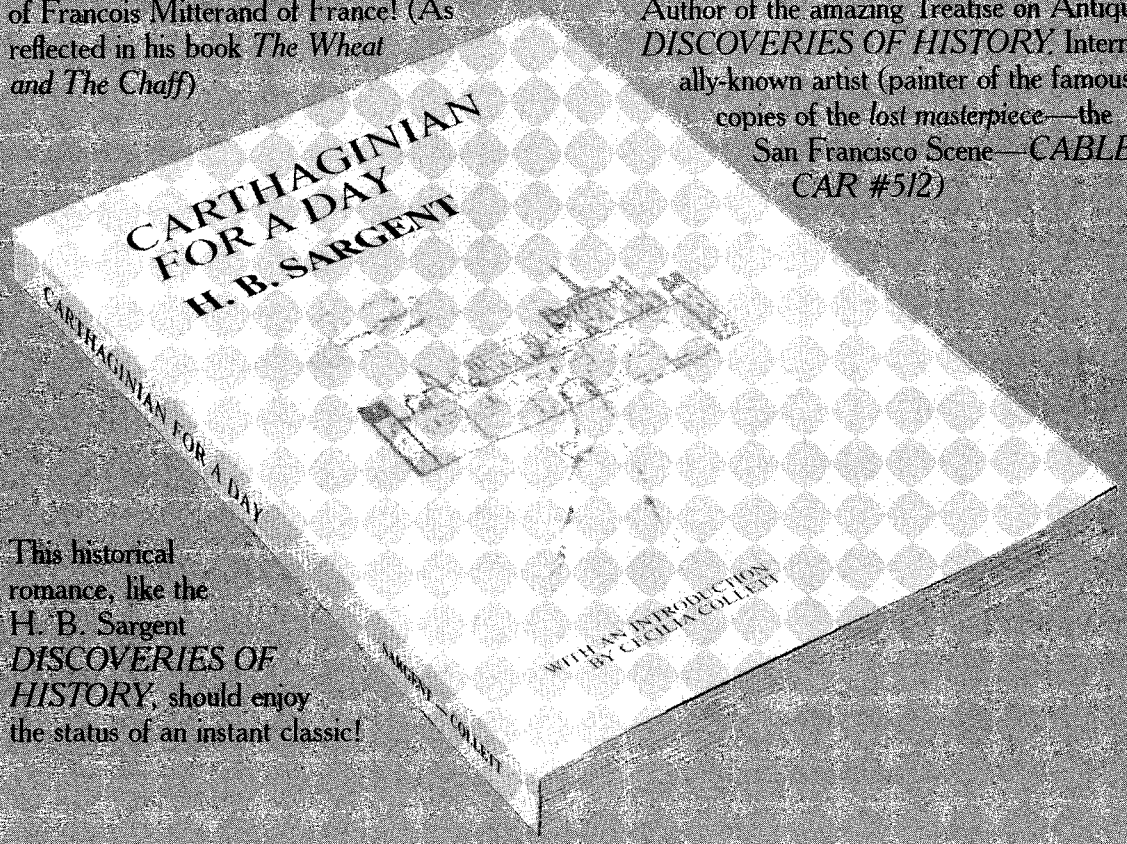

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mans 12:2, which warns against dominion by worldliness and temporal fashion.

No one doubts, or at least should doubt, that the bishops mean well. It is natural to fear the destructive potential of the atom bomb. But what are the facts whose moral relevance they seek to place in perspective?

We live in the aftermath of World War II; 1945 is still with us. For three solid years after the Second World War, President Truman had hold of a unique trump card. Without ever actually using the A-bomb, he could have sent good old Uncle Joe a picture postcard (registered, airmail) advising him that the American people would be gratified if the Red Army would gather all its belongings and leave the heart of Europe.

No such request was delivered, however, and in due course the USSR and its satellites not only acquired the A-bomb but achieved overwhelming conventional superiority as well. Communist ideology, moreover, gave the Soviets a raison d'etre for their gargantuan build-up. Their mission was to "liberate" the entire globe.

Even so—and notwithstanding countless provocations, incidents, and minor conflicts—World War III has not erupted. It has not erupted because both camps have been restrained by their knowledge of the potential magnitude of atomic destruction. This is called the balance of terror, and it has given us our precarious modus vivendi. If morality is to be measured by instrumental criteria, it is fair to say, as Winston Churchill did in 1949, that the atom bomb brought the world a measure of peace.

Wholehearted advocates of unilateral disarmament embrace, implicitly, the doctrine that we are better off Red than dead. What exactly is the nature of their moral reasoning? Are they telling us that they would, if they could do so, assert their priorities retroactively? Should the Austrians have maintained, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that they would rather be Muslim than dead—those Austrians who died on the battlefield? Had they done so, Europe would have become Islamic, and it would now be the voice

Quotations from "The Challenge of Peace:

"Today the destructive potential of the nuclear powers threatens the sovereignty of God over the world he has brought into being. We could destroy his work."

"Reflecting the complexity of the nuclear problem, our arguments in this pastoral must be detailed and nuanced; but our 'no' to nuclear war must, in the end, be definitive and decisive."

"We believe it is necessary, for the sake of prevention, to build a barrier against the concept of nuclear war as a viable strategy for defense. There should be a clear public resistance to the rhetoric of 'winnable' nuclear wars, 'surviving' nuclear exchanges, and strategies of 'protracted nuclear war.' "

"Retaliatory action which would take many wholly innocent lives, lives of people who are in no way responsible for reckless actions of their government, must also be condemned. Our condemnation applies especially to the retaliatory use of weapons striking enemy cities after our own have already been struck. Retaliation in such circumstances would serve no rational or moral purpose and might be considered to be only an act of vengeance."

"In support of the concept of 'sufficiency' as an adequate deterrent, and in light of the present size and composition of both the U.S. and Soviet strategic arsenals, *we recommend*:
1) support for immediate, bilateral verifiable agreements to halt the testing, production, and deployment of new strategic systems;
2) support for negotiated bilateral deep cuts in the arsenals of both superpowers, particularly of those weapons systems which have destabilizing characteristics;
3) support for a Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty;
4) removal by all parties of nuclear weapons from border areas and the strengthening of command and control over tactical nuclear weapons to prevent inadvertent and unauthorized use."

"We emphasize the need for agreements among the great powers, and particularly between the United States and the USSR. Disarmament must be a process of verifiable agreements, especially between the two superpowers. While we do not advocate a policy of unilateral disarmament, we believe the urgent need for control of the arms race requires a willingness for each side to take some first steps; the United States should be prepared, in our view, to take some independent initiatives, beyond those already taken, to reduce some of the gravest dangers and to encourage a constructive Soviet response."

"The arts of diplomacy, negotiation, and compromise must be developed and fully exercised. Nonviolent means of resistance to

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of the *muezzin* that rings out daily from Notre Dame over the rooftops of Paris. Such a choice might have spared some Austrian lives. It would not have enhanced the fortunes of Christian Europe, nor, incidentally, would there be such a thing as American bishops.

The moral point is that defeatism does not express the Christian turn of mind. We all have to die sooner or later, but to die Red is not our inescapable destiny. The bishops are taking every old moral dilemma (kill or be killed), and seeking to transform its relevance by means merely of quantification. They go so far as to suggest that an atomic war would spell the end of Creation. But surely bishops ought to be the first to acknowledge that only the Creator can recall Creation?

Neither should the American bishops forget that there are *other* atomic powers: China, India, Britain—and France, whose atomic *force de frappe* was ostentatiously developed by de Gaulle in order *not* to leave the "atomic decision" exclusively in foreign hands. What is implied in the reasoning of the bishops? That if America renounced nuclear defensive power, so would the French? What if the effect were the opposite? Does anyone believe that Israel would acquiesce in its own annihilation, rather than use an atom bomb? Isn't the question, then, one of putting nuclear power under the control of tactical intelligence, designed to minimize the likelihood of its use?

The bishops, led by Joseph Bernardin, archbishop of Chicago, seem to be saying that the policy of the American Government is evil because it depends, in the final analysis, on nuclear power. What is the alternative? The bishops—apparently assuming that the West can rely on the Soviet Union *not* to use its SS-20s against Western Europe, —suggest that we should rearm conventionally? The proposal is surprising in the context of repeated laments that military expenses in the United States are shoving aside "human needs."

At that, conventional armament on the scale contemplated here requires of a country's citizens a spirit of high historic

The Bishops on the Bomb

evil should be carefully weighed. For example, there have been instances when people have successfully resisted oppressors without taking up arms."

"Rejection of some forms of nuclear deterrence might therefore require a willingness to pay higher costs to develop conventional forces. Leaders and peoples of other nations might also have to accept higher costs for their own defense if the United States Government were to withdraw any threat to use nuclear weapons first. We cannot judge the strength of these arguments in particular cases, and we are conscious that any form of conscription is a burden on citizens. Moreover, we are aware that conventional war also may easily become indiscriminate and disproportionate to any valid purpose. We do not in any way want to contribute to a notion of 'making the world safe for conventional war,' which introduces its own horrors. It may well be, however, that some strengthening of conventional defense would be a proportionate price to pay, if indeed this will reduce the possibility of nuclear war."

"Americans need have no illusions about the Soviet system of repression, or about the lack of respect in that system for human rights, about Soviet covert operations (which the U.S. itself does not eschew), or pro-revolutionary activities. But neither do Americans need to be so paralyzed in their efforts at peacemaking by a form of anti-Sovietism which fails to grasp the central danger of a superpower rivalry in which both the U.S. and the USSR are the players, and the common interest both states have in never using nuclear weapons."

"Soviet behavior in some cases merits the adjective *monstrous*, but neither the Soviet people nor their leaders are monsters; they are human beings created in the image and likeness of God."

"*To men and women in defense industries:* You also have specific questions to face because your industry produces many of the weapons of massive and indiscriminate destruction which have concerned us in this letter. We have judged immoral even the threat to use such weapons. At the same time, we have held that the possession of nuclear weapons may be tolerated as deterrents while meaningful efforts are underway to achieve multilateral disarmament. Therefore, we cannot at this time require Catholics who manufacture nuclear weapons, sincerely believing they are enhancing a deterrent capability and reducing the likelihood of war, to leave such employment. Should we become convinced that even the temporary possession of such weapons may no longer be morally tolerated, we would logically be required to consider immoral any involvement in their manufacture."

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Eleventh in a Series

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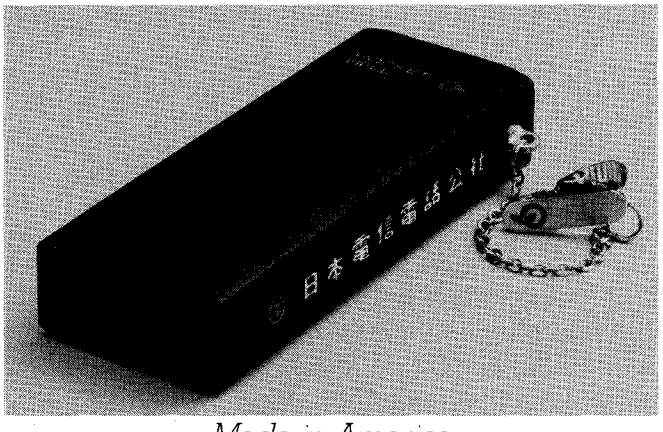

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As a result, Motorola was officially qualified by NTT as a supplier of pocket pagers. The first and only non-Japanese firm ever admitted to this heretofore closed group.

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One of our goals is to make every Motorola employee in every Motorola plant an effective part of the management team of our company. And because employees are motivated by this chance to participate and are rewarded for their efforts, we've found we're able to bring to bear on every product we make the enthusiasm, the dedication, and the attention to detail that result in the highest kind of quality.

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responsibility. The Swiss, for example, believe in the adage, "If you desire peace, prepare for war." Swiss policy has paid off: Switzerland was an enclave of peace during two world wars. And the Swiss have maintained this policy in the years since then. I do not know what the military share of the Swiss federal budget is at the present moment, but a few years ago it was 34 per cent, inferior only to that of Israel. In addition, Swiss males are required to put in time in uniform every year, up to the age of 47. To the Swiss these expenditures of time and money are accepted as natural.

Not so in all the NATO countries. The Germans, by contrast, are a castrated nation: divided, debilitated, despondent. It is in East Germany, not West, that we find a policy aimed at the revival of military discipline and fervor. But Western Europe, unlike the United States, at least has a strong tradition, springing from the French Revolution, of military service for all males. If the American bishops want a return to conventional armies, then it behooves them to call for conscription. There is no other logical non-nuclear alternative.

Actually, I suspect the reverend gentlemen are, at bottom, pacifists, but lacking the analytical courage to reason forward to what lies in their hearts. Pacifism is an honorable conviction, as long as it is purely personal. If, after the Great Surrender, Archbishop Bernardin, without resisting or protesting, is led down to the cellar of Chicago's City Hall to be shot in the nape of the neck—as was done to 114 Russian Orthodox and Roman Catholic successors of the Apostles in the Soviet world—it is his personal drama, to be respected, even admired. But no one has the right to offer another's throat to the knife of the assassin. Helmut Schmidt, hardly a warmonger, told the German people that the pacifist position is fine for oneself, but that if a child—or an adult—in one's care is about to be murdered, the guardian has no right to turn away in resignation, muttering apologetically that he rejects all forms of force or violence, and that therefore all he can do is watch, with regret, the slaughter of his charge, mournfully making the sign of the cross.

I confess that, as a European, I find the tentative declaration of these bishops depressing. In Europe too we get some odd declarations from ecclesiastics, even though experience continues to teach us that moral imperialism—the attempt to inject theology into politics—ought to be avoided except in extreme cases, of which abortion and slavery are examples.

The bishops' draft is not only bad tactical advice, it is bound to confuse the Catholic who respects the presumptive moral authority of the bishops. And what will be the strategic impact on those uninfluenced by arguments that depend on moral or theological authority? What may thrill some American idealists as a sign of strength will be seen on the other side of the Iron Curtain as a sign of weakness. What we transcribe as heroic self-abnegation, they see as cowardice, or rank stupidity.

The bishops' letter breathes idealism. Not lucidity. As often happens, ecclesiastical pronouncements (and this is so of many papal encyclicals) are anything but clear and concise, as they strive to cover a variety of situations. Thus they invite myriad interpretations. And confusion. And—neglect.

The bishops are better engaged in spiritual and educational activity in areas where their knowledge and experience is at least as substantial as that of secular authorities. Social and political action are jejune and enervating substitutes for religious activity and devotion. The draft letter gives no reliable moral guidance: it merely raises questions, expresses anxieties, conjugates suspicions, fosters fears; even as it calls for massive conventional rearmament, but with no suggestions as to how to use it effectively. We are living in an uneasy balance of terror. The danger need not be minimized. But nothing can eliminate that danger short of a radical change of heart in the men who command the Kremlin.

Let us pray. I do not intend that as a metaphor, or a piety, or even merely as a coda. □

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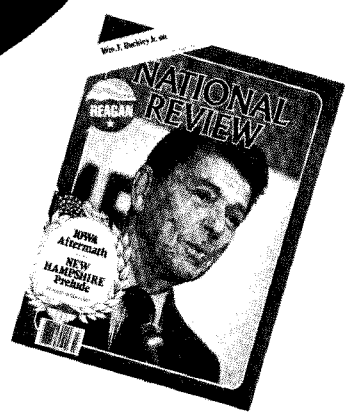
And NR should make an ideal gift for those hard-to-please people on your list—it's a year-long reminder of your interest (not to mention an indication that you think they are interesting people too). Again, don't forget the young people you care about: conservative ideas are coming back to the campus, so NR should be doubly welcome now.



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FREEZE TALK

The Truth About Nuclear Weapons

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

THE CURRENT RASH of nuclear-freeze and no-first-use proposals was described by Benjamin Stein in the *New York Times* not long ago as "junk thought": surely one of the most felicitous put-downs in recent polemical history. It is indeed that, but it is also much more. The truth is that the anti-nuclear movement fundamentally misconceives the true significance of nuclear weapons and their impact on the future behavior of the human race.

Since early times when men began fighting each other with rocks and clubs, war has been one of the staples of human conduct, or misconduct. Only the weapons have changed: clubs gave way to spears, and spears to gunpowder; armies took to the road, then to the seas, and then to the air. Sooner or later, it ought to have been obvious, technology would reach a point at which the most advanced nations would have at their disposal weapons capable of inflicting altogether "unacceptable" —because too extensive and too terrible—damage on an opponent, even if that opponent struck first.

Don't Blame the Bomb

That is what has happened with the invention of nuclear weapons, and that is all that has happened. What now?

The first thing we must do is rid ourselves of the understandable but misguided notion that this new state of affairs is somehow the *fault* of nuclear weapons: that if only we could, by common consent, abolish these pesky critters, all would be well—or, at any rate, would be like it was before these weapons were developed (however "well" that was).

On the contrary, the inexorable progress of technology ensures that mankind will henceforth develop a proliferating series of "ultimate" weapons, all as frightening as, or conceivably even more frightening than, the atom bomb. Bacterial and other poisonous agents equally powerful probably exist already. Laser beams capable of dealing "unacceptable" death and destruction from satellites in the space surrounding the earth also exist today, or soon will. The means available for the near-total destruction of civilization (I balk at conceding the mathematical likelihood of its *total* destruction—not that that matters, for purposes of this discussion) are almost certain to increase exponentially in the years ahead. Mankind will possess, in all future time, the technical capacity for such self-destruction.

Nuclear Tranquillity

One possible consequence, to be sure, is that the major powers will—deliberately or by some series of Rube Goldberg accidents—become entangled in a death struggle and use their "ultimate" weapons, the result being their own destruction as well as the destruction of their foes. This is the apocalypse so lipsmackingly envisioned by Hollywood producers, *New Yorker* editors, and assorted suburban hysterics in search of a serviceable neurosis. The proper response is that this catastrophe has not in fact occurred, despite the lapse of 37 years since nuclear weapons were first developed and used in the closing days of World War II—years that have seen several important (but non-nuclear) wars, not to mention a whole series of provocations any one of which could and probably would have touched off a war between the superpowers in the "good old days" of conventional weaponry.

It appears, in fact, that the true consequence of the development of the first, though by no means last, "ultimate" weapon has been the almost unnoticed amendment of Clausewitz's famous dictum. War has quietly ceased, at the highest technological level, to be an acceptable continuation of politics by other means. Nations still play their ancient games over Vietnam, or Afghanistan, or the Falklands, using new and spectacular non-nuclear weapons (witness the Exocet missile, developed by France, with which an Argentinian plane sank the British destroyer *Sheffield*). But somehow the major powers possessing nuclear weapons have thus far avoided using them, or forcing others to use them by taking steps that rival major powers might reasonably regard as life-threatening.

The spectacular example of this is the Middle Eastern oilfields, which are dangerously vulnerable to a Soviet takeover with conventional arms and probably defensible only by nuclear means. In this tempting geopolitical situation, the Soviet Union has thus far carefully avoided interruption of the oil supplies of Western Europe and Japan, on which the very survival of these nations depends.

So far as major (and implicitly responsible) powers are concerned, then, we seem to be entering an era in which war's utility as an instrument of policy will be limited, though not wholly eliminated. At lower and intermediate levels, military operations by task forces such as the one Britain assembled to deal with the Falklands crisis, or our own Rapid Deployment Force, will still be a real possibility. But nuclear ex-

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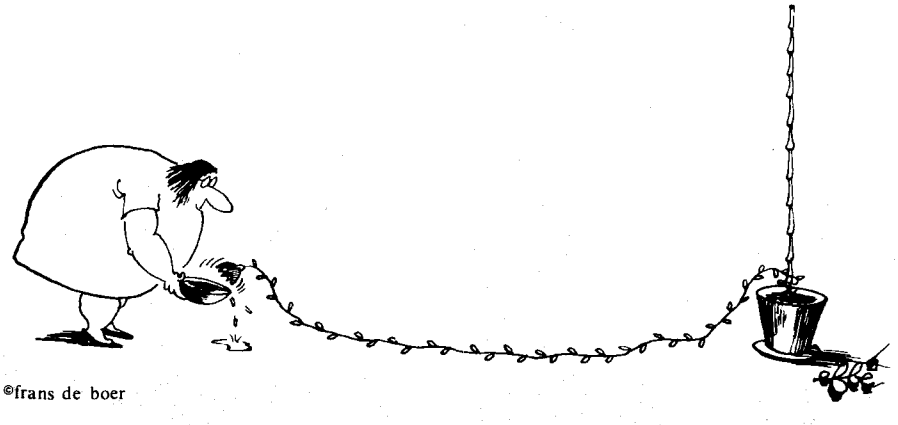

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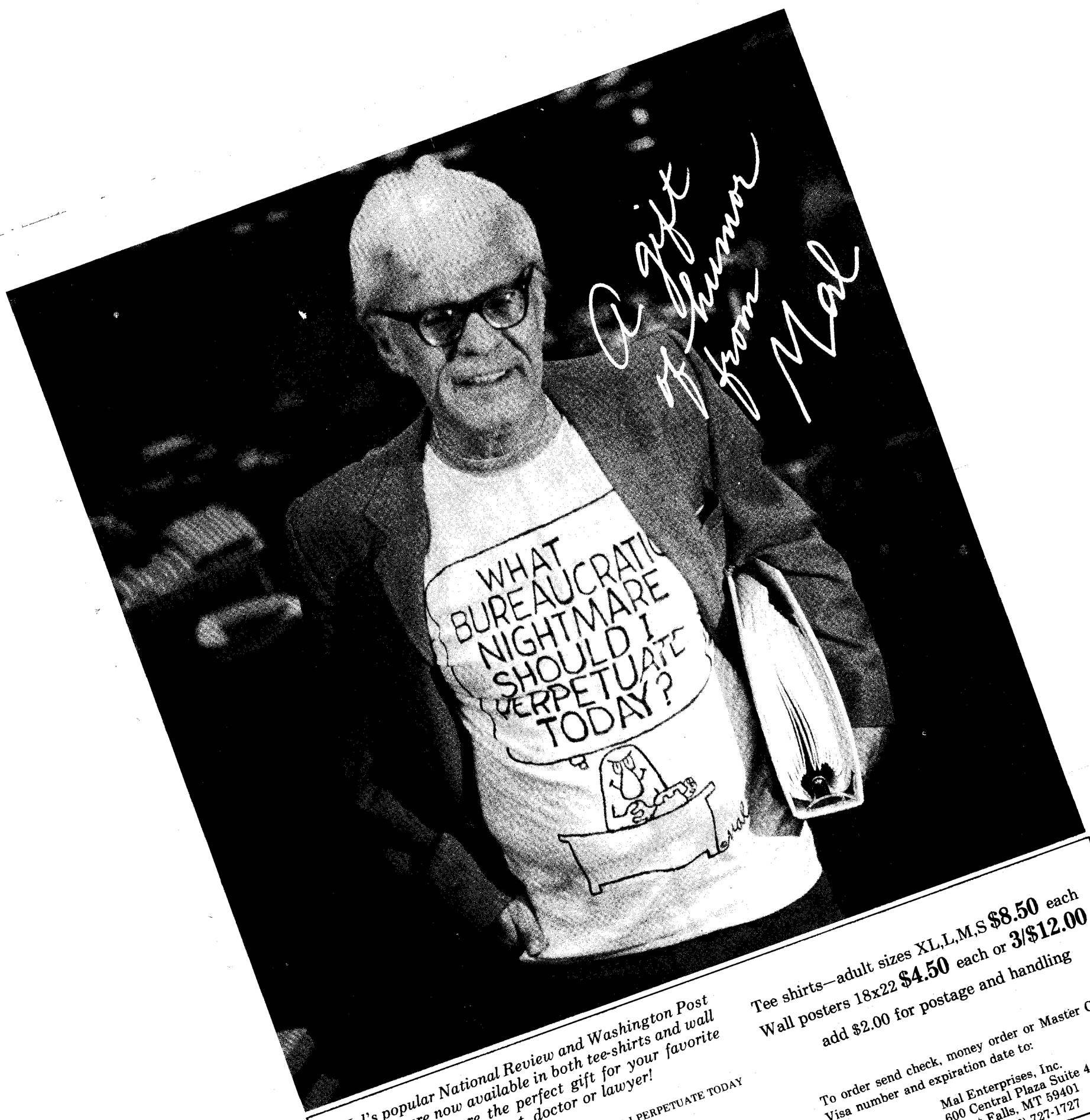

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"Let's put it this way—don't start reading War and Peace."

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"It's some guy selling Christmas seals."

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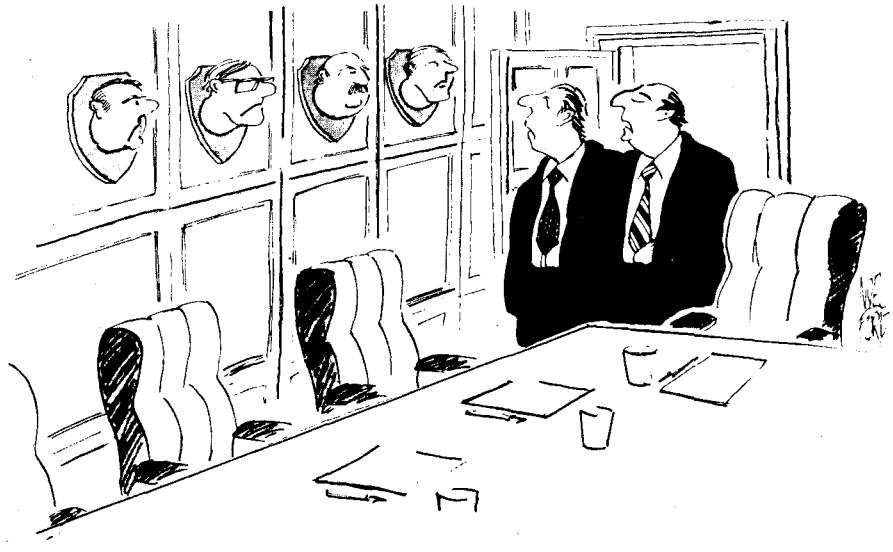
Sweden Sweats

If only our Asdic were better;
  If only the wind wouldn't blow;
If only the subs would stop snooping
  Or surface and ask for a tow;
If only the bottom were level;
  If only the fish would sit still;
If only the Danes would stop smirking;
  If only we lived in Brazil.

W. H. VON DREELE



Ford, *Punch* Rothco

"We've found them more of an incentive than portraits."

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An Assassination Freeze

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

"I HAVE CONFIDENCE," writes Father Joseph A. O'Hare, SJ, in the October 23 issue of *America*, "that the Church in Nicaragua will resolve its problems without the aid of self-appointed protectors in this country who rise to high indignation if someone talks back to an archbishop in Nicaragua but are wondrously indifferent to the murder of an archbishop in El Salvador. The truth will not be found in such hypocrisy." His editorial is, on the whole, a good one. Yet it does use a literary device Susan Sontag not long ago unmasked in her famous talk at Town Hall.

That device is to pair Marxist-Leninists, on one side, with anti-Communists, on the other. Fair enough, one supposes. But the zinger is that, on the American Left, it is always the anti-Communists who get zapped hardest.

Danger on the Right!

Father O'Hare's idea, in part, seems to be that "anti-Communist crusades" and "right-wing groups" use "heavy-handed tactics." Among these are "the politicization of religion," campaigns "to discredit the Sandinista government," and "high indignation."

None of these, it should be pointed out, is an act of physical violence, or even of fabrication and untruth.

The Sandinistas, Father O'Hare claims, "have not imposed prison sentences on any of their critics, much less tortured or murdered them." José Esteban González, for many years head of the Nicaraguan Human Rights Commission, and listed by Somoza in his autobiography as his own Number One enemy, has cited much evidence to the contrary. En route in 1981 to a European human-rights conference with photographic and other evidence, González was pulled from the plane, his evidence was taken from him, and he was thrown in prison until, under international pressure, he was released. For his safety, he has since sought exile.

González speaks calmly, but with eyes ablaze, of youngsters who were trying to organize an opposition political party in Nicaragua. They were surrounded by Sandinista enforcers, stripped naked, painted green, marched through the streets in carnival atmosphere, and made to perform in a circus. News accounts of bloody rioting in the peasant village that was the first to rise up against Somoza, and now the first to rise up against the Sandinistas, have described other slain youths. The Archbishop of Managua was not simply talked back to; one of his chief aides, a priest, was marched through the streets naked. Another bishop was struck and pushed down during Mass. Pamphlets asserting that the Revolution is true Christianity, and funeral speeches describing the Revolution as the only Resurrection there is, manifest more than "talking back."

No doubt, politics colors judgment. Some have experienced Marxism-Leninism as an organized lie, instituted by terror, as Solzhenitsyn (and millions of others) have experienced it, and tend to see Marxism-Leninism as worse than any other terror the human race has known. Others hold the patent injustice of a majority of the world's Third World regimes, not least in Latin America, to be so evil that Marxism-Leninism, or some milder version of it, seems better to them than the present order. There is a natural tendency for those holding these two different political perspectives to see the mote in the other's eye. *Pas d'ennemi à gauche—pas d'ennemie à droite*: surely, we can do better than that.

The slaying of Archbishop Romero in El Salvador was a sacrilege and an atrocity. It was also the cutting down of a heroic democratic figure who more and more was pronouncing judgment on *all* competing parties. Such murderous acts of terrorism, by whomever committed, are loathsome. When even the humblest peasant is terrorized, a sin both against Christian grace (in Christian lands) and against nature itself is committed.

A Special Outrage

The murders of the four American women in El Salvador remain, still, an outrage. Elliott Abrams, Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights, has further said that such an attack upon American citizens is a special outrage to the American Government, whose duty it is to protect them.

In Rome, Pope John Paul II was struck down by the bullets of a terrorist trained by the PLO in Lebanon, sheltered in Bulgaria, a traveler all over Europe with money, arms, and connections. Archbishop Romero is not the only martyr (or, thank God, near-martyr) in the Church.

This is not a pretty world we live in. To kill a human being is an abuse of human rights. It is an even greater abuse of human rights when those targeted for death play *institutional* roles. For human rights do not acquire power from lettering on parchment. They have power only when embodied in institutions of law and rightful process, and institutional rule is fragile. Assassins roam our world as in the days of walled cities, when no road outside a city was safe; and now they are inside.

Law begins in the heart but the heart is not enough. The destruction of free institutions, the murder of officials and citizens, in whatever country, threatens all.

The world needs an assassination freeze. □

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HUNGARY TODAY

The Bell Tolls On

THOMAS MOLNAR

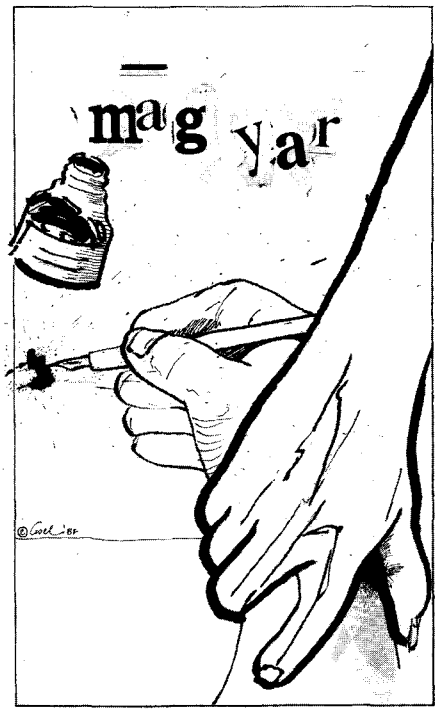
THE IRON CURTAIN still stands between Eastern and Western Europe, preventing the captive peoples behind it from getting out. But what chiefly keeps Western public opinion from seeing *in* is a cliché curtain, held up by our own desire not to have to do anything about the Soviet slave-masters. Citizens and their leaders in the West would like to believe that the situation behind the Iron Curtain is improving, that "Stalinism" is a thing of the past, that the totalitarian system is softening into a benevolent despotism and will eventually turn into social democracy. Let us look behind the clichés to Hungary, which is regarded as the most Westernized of the satellites, indeed as Moscow's economic and cultural showplace.

The Hungarian Revolution of 1956 began in meetings of the Petöfi Writers' Circle, named after the nation's greatest patriotic poet, who was killed in the struggle for independence from Austria in 1848. In November 1981 young intellectuals of the Jozsef Attila Circle commemorated the 25th anniversary of the events of 1956. Soon afterward they were called in by police for "identification," and a few days after that the group was officially disbanded. The regime's principal accusation against members of the club was that they were "counter-revolutionaries"—a ludicrous charge, given their spiritual antecedents.

Throughout Hungary's recent history, the concerns of the literati and of the genuine proletariat (as contrasted to the self-appointed dictatorship of the proletariat) have been closely intertwined. The 1956 uprising was begun by thinkers and poets, but within days they had been joined by the workers. The emblematic figure of the new club, Jozsef Attila, was, like Petöfi, a great poet, but he was also the son of an extremely poor proletarian family. He interested himself (as have his present-day followers) in the work of the two dozen or more writers and sociologists who, in the 1920s, alerted Hungary to the plight of its two million agricultural workers. Their investigations into the miserable conditions of the peasants led to clashes with the regime then in power, which was composed of feudal, liberal, and bourgeois elements. Some of these sociologists even welcomed Soviet-imported "socialism"—welcomed it, that is, until this socialism revealed its inhuman face. The last of the "village marchers," the sociologist and great poet Illyés Gyula, now in his late eighties, is still the spiritual leader and model of the Jozsef Attila Circle and of other rebellious youth. His poem "Against Tyranny" is recited with the same enthusiasm as was Petöfi's "Rise Hungarians!" 134 years ago.

The historical continuities are evident. But what are the specific complaints of intelligent Hungarian youth today—perhaps the Lech Walesas and Jacek Kurons of the *n*th uprising against Soviet rule? Their analysis is worth considering, as perhaps the healthiest political theorizing in all of Europe today.

The understanding among the Western allies was that the Soviet withdrawal from Austria in 1955 would be followed by the neutralization of Hungary. The Hungarians soon saw, however, that this would not happen, and the next year they rose against the Soviet pro-consul, Matyas Rakosi. The uprising was suppressed by Soviet tanks, but, under the relatively mild regime of Janos Kadar that ensued, the intellectuals saw the possibility of reform, first in the economy, then in political and intellectual life.



This belief, fragile to start with, was nonetheless held against mounting evidence until the late 1970s—for more than a decade—at which point the writer Bibo Istvan shattered it with a single blow. All Istvan said was this: One cannot construct anything positive on a lie. But this echo of Solzhenitsyn's words was enough to prompt young people (students, writers, actors, workers) to re-create the Petöfi Circle under the name of Jozsef Attila and to formulate two main demands. The first was that recent history, dating from 1945, should be openly discussed and written about, and that public libraries and archives should be opened to the investigating mind. Without access to this information, the lie could be countered only by reading books smuggled in from the West, by listening to foreign radio, and by uninformed gossip.

THE SECOND demand was for information about and discussion of the present social realities: Why does Hungary lead all nations in the number of suicides (among them, a disproportionate number of young intellectuals and creative minds—Jozsef Attila himself had committed suicide in 1936, and so, very recently, had Bibo Istvan)? Why can writers not start their own magazines? Why do publishers act like scared bureaucrats? Why can't truth be written about? Why does talent go unrewarded while mediocrity and incompetence are favored and encouraged? Why are the lazy, intellectually mediocre children of Party officials enrolled in special universities and given good jobs? Why can one succeed in a "people's democracy" only through the Communist Party?

The questions posed by the young people are concrete, not sloganized,

Mr. Molnar's most recent book is Politics and the State: The Catholic View, *published by the Franciscan Herald Press.*

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and their demands would be regarded as reasonable in any but a Communist society. For example, in a recent *samizdat* periodical, a 35-year-old skilled metal worker and mechanic described the impossibility of earning enough to raise a family. He told of the barriers to advancement in his field, as in most others; of the necessity to steal "state property" in order to make ends meet; of the hopelessness of it all, which leads many to suicide, and others at least to drunkenness. In contrast, he writes of an acquaintance, a truckdriver from Austria, who is saving money to buy his own truck, which he will rent out to make enough money to buy a second truck and become an independent transport entrepreneur. He will be able to build a home, raise his children comfortably, and so on. Such "petit-bourgeois" dreams are simply not possible in Hungary, not only for workers, but also for professionals, unless one engages in illegal, after-hours work (with instruments and other facilities stolen from the official place of work). In another article a medical secretary, a woman, writes that her weekend shopping for meat, butter, fruit, and vegetables can easily take a 500-*forint* bite out of her 1,800-*forint* monthly paycheck.

The young people of today—the ones in their twenties and thirties, who were born after World War II—have never known a Hungary without Communism, but through their parents' tales they remember the time when advancement was difficult but not impossible, when the village marchers could clash with the authorities without being silenced. The present situation is poisoned by its very hopelessness. The young intellectuals describe it as life in an aquarium: you see another person moving his lips, but you cannot hear what he says.

The Hungarians are watching conditions in Poland with enormous interest, and anguish. The Poles are Eastern Europe's guinea pigs; as one article has it, "We all try to read their situation as forecasting our own." The imposition of martial law last December 13 has prompted a very clear-sighted examination of what is and what is not possible in the fight for national survival and prosperity with a modicum of freedom. The analysts in the *samizdat* press go through the evolution of the struggle behind the Iron Curtain: the 1956 Budapest uprising, they say, was mostly prompted by a national revulsion at the

(Continues on page 1500)

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THE NEXT GENERATION

Shifting the Avalanche

MICHAEL A. SCULLY

PARTISAN REVIEW began life in the early 1930s under the sponsorship of the Communist Party. That incarnation lasted about a year, just long enough for its energetic young editors, Philip Rahv and William Phillips, to refuse the bit. They folded their fledgling journal for several years. Then, in 1937, *Partisan Review* was reborn, independent of its original sponsorship and deeply anti-Stalinist. With a cadre of writers that included Sidney Hook, James Burnham, Dwight Macdonald, and Lionel Trilling—to name only a few of the more prominent—this "little magazine" was a beacon in the hostile seas of intellectual New York after World War II, just as that city was replacing London as the literary capital of the world.

Much was written recently of *Partisan Review*'s heyday in the Forties and Fifties. Yet the quarterly—now in Boston and edited by Phillips (Rahv died in 1974)—goes on, true to its youthful ideals of anti-Soviet socialism and lucid prose. Because it takes the Soviet experience seriously, and is temperamentally anti-yahoo, this dowager among the serious journals of the Left remains one of the few classy dames on that side of town. More than occasionally, its pages carry some graceful hint of the form that once set young hearts pounding. So it is with a special section in the current issue, *Partisan Review No. 4*, "From behind Barbed Wire: New Polish Writing."

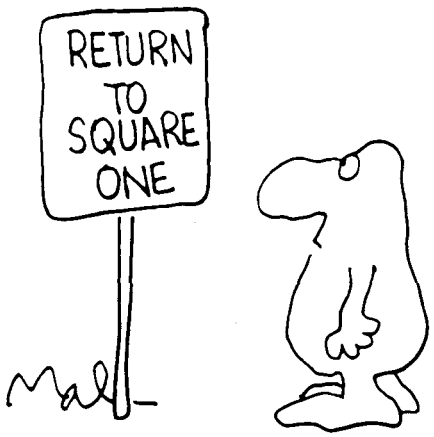
As Stanislaw Baranczak—who himself emigrated from Poland in 1981, and is now teaching at Harvard—explains in his introduction to this collection of *samizdat* writing, the paradox of political oppression generating literary accomplishment "was never so striking" as in the months since the imposition of martial law.

> Logically, the general crackdown on Solidarity should have brought as an additional effect a total sterilization of cultural life. . . . [But] the latest phase of Polish history reproduces, faithfully and amazingly, the old pattern: a catastrophe again breeds literature's prosperity. . . . The latest reports from Poland quote a bewildering number of at least 1,200 different uncensored periodicals and newsletters appearing all over the country. Several radio stations broadcast their programs from underground. As far as literature, as such, is concerned, there is a multitude of new—sometimes excellent—poems, short stories, essays, even plays, some part of which manage to leak to the West.

Partisan Review's sampling of this literature includes two pseudonymous "Letters from Bialoleka Prison," two short stories, and eight pages of awesomely powerful poetry. One of the prison letters is called "Why You Are Not Signing," and refers to the so-called "declaration of loyalty" being pushed on internees by the secret police.

THERE IS "understanding, always sympathy, but never praise" for those who do sign the oath to refrain from activities that are—in the words of the declaration—"harmful to the state and government of the Polish People's Republic." There is the young wife of a Solidarity activist, arrested and threatened with the removal of her sick baby to a state home; the man with the dying mother who is promised by the secret police, "There will not even be a lame dog to make your mother tea." They sign.

But there are thousands of Poles who will *not* sign. They do not know the course events will take; they make their decisions amid a swirl of rumors and uncertainty. They know only what is at stake:



> You do not know yet what this war means. You do not know yet how the factories and steelworks, the shipyards and mines, will be stormed. You do not know yet of the bloody Wednesday at the "Wujek" mine. But one thing you do know: such a declaration would be a denial of your own self. It would wipe out your life's meaning. It would be the betrayal of people who trusted you; the betrayal of all those who will defend you—in Krakow with a leaflet, in New York and Paris with a public statement. Nothing is definite yet. Your road is still open to you. You yourself can still choose, but you know instinctively that to abandon your dignity is not a price that should be paid for opening the prison gates—it is not a price worth paying.
>
> . . . You know, thanks to your favorite poet, that "the avalanche changes its course according to the stones over which it flows." And you want to be that stone which will change the course of events.
>
> Even if it is to be but one of the stones thrown into the entrenchment.

Throughout these articles, stories, and poems the great irony—made so clear by Solzhenitsyn—is reaffirmed: fear is conquered not by clutching at every hope for relief, but by the knowledge that the state police at worst can only kill you, and can do that only once. Once you have grasped this possibility then, as with Shakespeare's valiant man who dies but once, you have removed the lever of uncertainty. "Cowards die many times before their deaths," because each pull of the lever, each danger to life, is taken as a new and separate threat of extinction.

Partisan Review often frustrates one by the slant of its unflagging idealism, especially so in the editorials that lead off most issues. But because there is a realm of life beyond partisanship and ideology, a place for virtues such as integrity, you cannot help respecting Phillips and Rahv. Almost fifty years ago, two young men waged a little revolution against the Party, at the risk of their whole venture, for the principle of editorial freedom. It made their lives worth living. As the Polish prisoner wrote, "Every day you forge out your fate at the cost of your own life." □

Mr. Scully is Editor of This World *and Consulting Editor of* The Public Interest.

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Who Died at TMI?

The War against the Atom
by Samuel McCracken
Basic, 206 pp., $18.50

RICHARD BROOKHISER

A word to the reader. Samuel McCracken and NATIONAL REVIEW have collaborated on this topic before. Four years ago, he was asked to write the lead book review in our special issue on nuclear power. He turned in a crisp vivisection of Barry Commoner, Amory Lovins, and Ralph Nader, three of the leading critics of nuclear power. A month after we hit the stands, Three Mile Island occurred.

TMI, as it became acronamed, was, on a technological level, chiefly remarkable for what did not happen: no meltdown, no deaths (with one class of exceptions—see below). In short, no real mishap; certainly not a disaster. On the polemical level, though, the consequences were swift and awesome. America's nuclear-power program was frozen; it runs and runs, but stays in the same place. The percentage of America's electricity supplied by nuclear power plants is the same now as it was three years ago. In this state of things, writing a pro-nuclear book is like volunteering to help out Sisyphus.

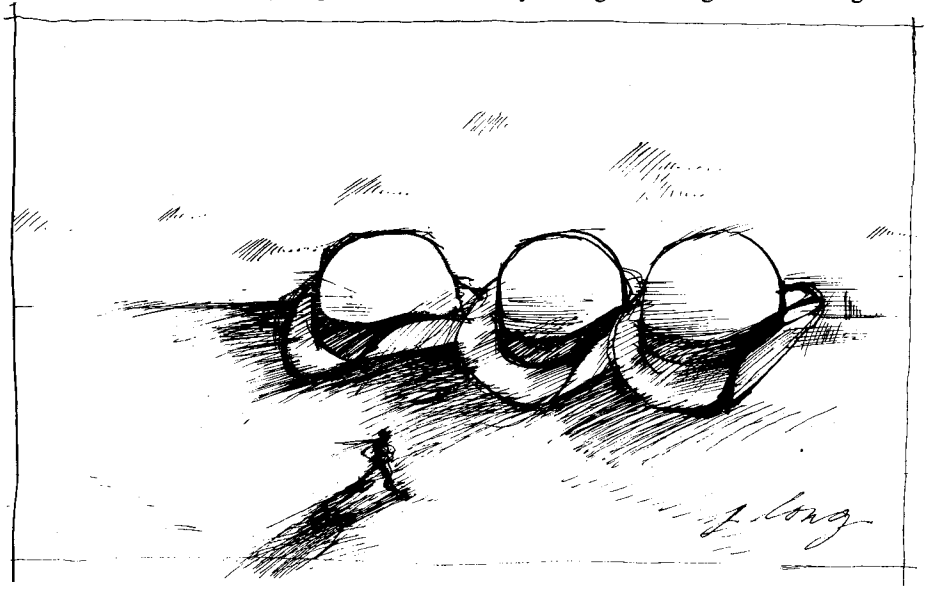
McCracken, unperturbed, marshals his arguments. What, to take the hardest case, did Three Mile Island prove?

The accident, triggered by a malfunctioning water pump and exacerbated by some stuck valves, presented the operators with an overheated reactor core and the problem of cooling it down. The danger was a meltdown, an irreversible melting of the reactor fuel—an unpleasant situation, though not a fatal one, since the radioactivity would still have to penetrate the containment building.

In the event, the TMI reactor did not come close to melting down. The temperature in the reactor reached three thousand degrees, but the threshold for a meltdown is two thousand degrees higher. This, McCracken notes, came as a surprise. "Before March 28, 1979, it was widely agreed on all sides that if the core of a recently shut-down reactor were to be uncovered for more than a few minutes, a meltdown would follow. This was the way the 'experts' put it in the film *The China Syndrome*, and in the real world few experts could have been found to disagree." But the top of the TMI core was uncovered for perhaps as long as 15 hours. Engineers concluded that the steam in the reactor vessel acted as a coolant. "The inference to be drawn is quite clear: For this particular design of light-water reactor, the probability of a meltdown is much less than expected."

What about the hydrogen bubble, which hung in the reactor pressure vessel and in the nation's headlines for six days? The bubble did slow down the cooling process, but the fears of a hydrogen explosion were misplaced: "Within the reactor dome, there was never enough oxygen available to allow for a hydrogen fire, let alone an explosion."

As for the extra radiation that was released, so far from being a death-dealing carcinogenic legacy for hundreds of hapless Pennsylvanians, it amounted, in the hypothetical worst case, to the equivalent of two chest X-rays. This "is also a little less than the difference between the annual natural, or 'background,' exposure in New Orleans and Denver. That needs to be appreciated: a resident of New Orleans offered a choice between a year in Denver or five days on the banks of the Susquehanna, staring at Three Mile Island, would be well advised to spend the time in Pennsylvania." There was more radiation spewed out of Mount St. Helens. The only things that glowed during the



Arnold Beichman *is currently associated with the Hoover Institution in Stanford, California. . . .* **Thomas Mallon** *is a Visiting Scholar at Cambridge University this fall.*

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whole TMI accident were lead sentences.

McCracken takes up other fears and charges: insurance, decommissioning, waste, terrorism. In the last half of the book, he goes on the offensive: the curious graphs of Ernest Sternglass, the evasions of John Gofman (the only professional critic of nuclear power who truly knows something about it—that is, who knows better), the economics of Barry Commoner. Commoner was most recently in the news as the presidential candidate of the Studs Terkel-to-*I Ching* left, but command economics had always been an explicit, indeed a necessary, component of his energy strategy (how else could you get the American worker back on the farm making methane?). Socialism and solar power support each other like two drunks on the street.

Solar power is the great non-alternative to nuclear energy: expensive, untested, unmarketable, overcomplicated, fragile. The real alternative, to which we are being driven, is that old bugaboo of the early environmental movement, coal.

How does the average coal plant rate on an anti-nuke's checklist? *Waste:* "The total annual waste product of a large coal-fired plant is about 1.5 million tons. Coal-fired plants solve part of this problem by disposing of their wastes into the air and thence into our lungs, and the rest by dumping. The amount disposed into the atmosphere comes to some thirty pounds a year for each American. The solid wastes carted away . . . contain not only such nonradioactive poisons as mercury, selenium, vanadium, and benzopyrene, but radioactive materials, such as uranium and thorium." *Radiation:* "It is one of life's little ironies that the typical coal-fired plant has a level of radioactive emission greater than that allowed for a nuclear plant. If the Nuclear Regulatory Commission had responsibility for regulating our coal-fired plants, they would have to be shut down." *Mortality:* McCracken adds up miners killed by accidents and black lung, workers killed in transportation, and members of the general public killed by pollution, and concludes that the ratio of the deaths caused by coal and nuclear power in producing equal amounts of electricity is somewhere between 60 and 225 to one.

This ratio is the most useful thing in McCracken's book, maybe the only useful thing. There is a weakness in the standard case for nuclear power—in all its disembodied actuarial projections and even in its clever comparisons of nuclear energy to driving, smoking, X-rays, and moving to Colorado. For all those mundane activities than which nuclear power is so much safer are, at least in theory, voluntary. Misers of our lives, we can quit smoking, avoid the doctor's office, and continue to live in nonradioactive New Orleans if we choose. But a power plant, once built, is beyond our control.

Precisely. And the power plants that will be built and used because we have forgone nuclear power will be far worse. The only victims of Three Mile Island are the people who have been killed by the power that was used to replace it. □

The Morality of Terrorism: Religious and Secular Justifications
Edited by David C. Rappoport and Yonah Alexander
Pergamon Press, 377 pp., $35

NO DIVIDENDS

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

This book is a collection of variegated essays concerned with terrorism. A common name for such a collection by divers hands is a "reader," and usually the contents aren't worth the price of the book. However, the 15 essays in this volume are a shining exception to the rule. The writers—students of law, politics, history, and terrorism—deal with three topics: the moral climate that produces terrorism, the doctrines that terrorists use to justify their actions, and the moral predicaments that terrorists create. It was especially instructive to read this book during the Israeli move into Lebanon and its aftermath.

The essays are about a problem that, in little more than a decade, created a new diplomacy and a new growth industry—security. Grateful as one should be for anything that creates jobs without federal spending, however, I suspect that terrorism no longer is the "growth industry" it was, say, in the early 1970s.

For if anything should provide irrefutable proof that terrorism against a rooted, legitimate nation-state pays no dividends and wins no friends, it is the dismal story of the Palestine Liberation Organization. It may be that the PLO will rise again from Lebanon's smoldering ashes. It is more likely, to use President Reagan's words in predicting the future of "our [Soviet] adversaries," that the PLO will be "remembered only for [its] role in a sad and rather bizarre chapter in human history."

To apply the general themes implicit in this excellent study of terrorism: In 1982 the PLO faced two formidable obstacles that blocked its immediate, let alone its long-range, goals. The first was, of course, Israel's military power and its unyielding exploitation of that power. Second was the fact that Arab leaders feared to introduce a foreign body into their own countries, notwithstanding rhetorical claims of Arab brotherhood and unity. The lessons of PLO-occupied Lebanon—an *imperium in imperio*—were not lost upon the Arab world.

There was also a third obstacle, a corollary of the first two. Despite the PLO's dramatic terrorist exploits for more than a decade and the pseudo-legitimacy conferred on it by "membership" in the UN and its specialized agencies, the PLO was never able to create, particularly in the West, that true atmosphere of legitimacy without which it could not fulfill its ambitions, the legitimacy of a genuine nation-state.

Not all of Arafat's appearances on television, nor episodes like the Lod Airport massacre, the Olympic Games killings in Munich, the OPEC shootout in Vienna, the skyjacked airplanes in the Jordanian desert, Carlos and his guns for hire—none of these clothed the PLO with a legitimacy that might have saved them from defeat. What, in fact, did the PLO exploits really accomplish?

THEY STEELED the Israelis against any compromise with the PLO, and set back any hopes for Palestinian autonomy and an eventual Palestinian state. More significantly, the PLO's decade of destruction proved how friendless and impotent a terrorist group, whether the PLO or the Baader-Meinhof group, can be when faced with implacable national power. The act of terrorism having been committed, what else is there to do except commit another and another and still another, always hoping for the accession of legitimate power?

In a world of nations, the existence of the nation-state is not to be trifled with. That is why the USSR is careful to give some semblance of identity to

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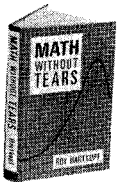

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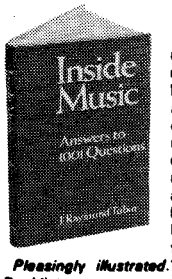

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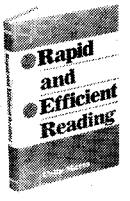

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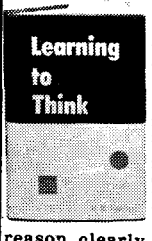

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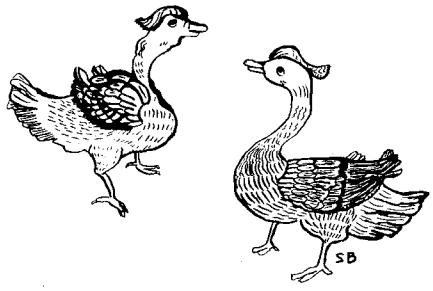
each of its European satellites. (And why, of all the centrifugal forces operating in the Soviet Union, the most powerful are the non-Russian nationalities.) Despite Marx's slogan that the worker has no fatherland, Moscow has not attempted to incorporate Eastern Europe or Finland into the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Algerian rebels shot their way to independence, but their victory didn't threaten the existence of France. Angola and Mozambique achieved their independence after the requisite amount of shooting, but Portugal's existence was never in doubt. Nor did the coming to independence of Cyprus and Zimbabwe threaten Britain's existence, despite the terrorism of Grivas and Mugabe. On the other hand, what makes the problem of Namibia almost intractable is that neighboring South Africa perceives its existence as being at risk if Sam Nujoma and his Soviet-trained terrorists take over. And no other country, not even Cuba, is prepared to go to war with South Africa for Sam Nujoma.

To produce results, revolutionary terrorism that seeks to overthrow an existing nation-state must bask in an atmosphere of international legitimacy, which usually occurs when the movement is merely trying to replace one state with another, while claiming to maintain the identity of the nation—e.g., Mao, Ho Chi Minh, and Fidel Castro. Second, the terrorists must not be perceived as tools of Soviet foreign policy, as the PLO was and as SWAPO (Southwest Africa People's Organization) is. Douglas S. Blaufarb, a former CIA executive, has pointed out in *The Counterinsurgency Era* that all successful Communist insurgencies since World War II—Yugoslavia, China, and Cuba—"were conducted without Soviet help and often in disregard of Soviet wishes."

THE REALITY of the legitimate nation-state seems to have emerged out of some universally accepted, yet undefined, international moral code, and there are now some 160 such entities in the world. Not even the Soviet Union's support of "wars of national liberation" can produce any rooted legitimacy if the targeted state is prepared to fight it out. Israel was prepared to fight it out.

What once gave the PLO its power—the "critical mass" concentrated in Lebanon, and its reputation born out of the three A's—audacity, Arabism, and affluence—is gone. In addition, terrorism is



out of fashion. Cuba and Algeria no longer welcome skyjackers, and nobody ever skyjacks planes to China, the USSR, or Vietnam. Seizing embassies or assassinating diplomats is a no-win situation. Yet no matter how visible are terrorism's failures, politically and militarily, no matter how disproportionate the tactics are to the results, there will always be terrorists. Or, as Baudelaire put it, life being what it is, one dreams of revenge. □

What Is Secular Humanism?
By James Hitchcock
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DO SOMETHING

JOSEPH SOBRAN

"O horror! Horror! Horror! Tongue nor heart / Cannot conceive nor name thee!"

Hence we name it "termination of pregnancy," authorized by the "right to choose," mooting the "religious question" of when life begins. Assisting in abortion, then, should be a painless activity for those unburdened with theology. But here is a nurse:

"It looked right at me. This baby had real big eyes. It looked at you like it was saying, 'Do something—do something.' Those haunting eyes. Oh God, I still remember them."

Not a rare experience. Nurses usually do the dirty work of abortion—getting rid of the dead child, which is usually expelled hours after the doctor who administered the saline solution or prostaglandin has gone home to his earthly reward. Doctors don't like to do D&Es (dilation and evacuation), because that means cutting the child apart and making sure all the parts have been scraped out—reassembling the victim, in a sense. Some doctors take to drink. Many nurses have nightmares. But at least the D&E is a sure thing. Chemical methods sometimes result in a live birth, the disposal of which requires discretion if it is not to result in scandal and maybe prosecution.

A million and a half of these babies every year. It takes a mighty strong ideology *not* to be appalled by the whole trade. A few years ago we were counseled not to be "good Germans," silently acquiescing during Auschwitz. This familiar sermon isn't heard so often any more. Instead we are urged not to be "strident," not to engage in "single-issue politics"—i.e., not to behave as if something morally extraordinary is going on.

The ideology that sanctions abortion, among other things, is popularly called "secular humanism"—a phrase much ridiculed by pro-abortion types, as though Jerry Falwell had coined it in a moment of glossolalian frenzy, when in fact it used to be the preferred label of activist secular humanists like Leo Pfeffer (who celebrated "the triumph of secular humanism"). The people who hold this ideology like to say they "reject labels," when in fact they mean that *they* will choose the labels, thank you—invidious labels for their foes (those single-issue fanatics), and nice, euphemistic labels for themselves (each of which may be discarded as it becomes too threadbare with familiarity to cover them).

In *What Is Secular Humanism?* James Hitchcock offers a handy historical survey of a philosophy that not only excludes the supernatural but seeks to ban it from having any public influence. In plain, dispassionate, illustrative language, he shows how secular humanism has "triumphed," so far, by adopting a cunning cultural strategy: it pretends to be a neutral, common-sense arbiter among "values," while smuggling into schools, politics, the media, and the law itself its own highly controversial values.

"Religiously conservative parents," Hitchcock observes, "are often accused of being 'book-burners.' Yet the law forbids the use of religious books in the classroom, and some schools even exclude them from the libraries. At the same time, schools may employ books with an anti-religious bias or which otherwise deeply affront parental values."

In all the uproar over controversial

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books, I wonder if any parents' group has simply asked for a list of new titles in school libraries. It would be interesting to discover whether new religious books are being added. They are certainly being written—though they are regularly omitted from the *New York Times*'s lists of best-sellers. Such an inquiry would be a splendid way to confirm whether the schools are indeed neutral in their selection. A broader study by some foundation would not be amiss.

Franky Schaeffer (son of the noted Protestant evangelical author Francis Schaeffer) is far more passionate than Hitchcock. His tone is accusatory, hortatory—to excess, aesthetically and perhaps rhetorically, though under the circumstances it is hard to blame him. He does his cause no service when he gropes for epithets and comes up with "neo-fascist" to characterize the secular-humanist regime.

But then it is, as he says, *A Time for Anger*. He makes dozens of good observations in debunking "the myth of neutrality" in the arts, the media, the schools, science, the law, and politics. It is less his anger than his failure to analyze carefully that flaws his book. A too-typical sentence reads: "Planned Parenthood and groups like them merrily claim that they are against 'legislating morality' even as they draw on public funds and lobby intensely to legislate *their* immorality." Well, yes. But calm *down*, man, calm *down*!

In fact the most compelling part of his book is the 32-page appendix—a long article reprinted from the *Philadelphia Inquirer* on the problem of live births resulting from attempted abortions. It is so coolly written that you can't tell whether the reporters have any moral qualms about early-term abortions. But it is a hypnotically horrifying stretch of prose. The book is worth buying for this alone.

Whatever may be said about abortion before viability, this article establishes that thousands of people are complicitous in killing viable babies. And millions of others are morally untroubled by this fact, which the media, in all their devotion to the public's right to know, have given almost no attention to. The babies' pain causes no pain to the ideologically anesthetized.

I suppose it will not become a live issue until Susan Sontag discovers it. These books, taken together, urged on friends, used in schools (private ones,

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➨ **that efforts to achieve quality *and* equality in education may be wreaking havoc upon our system.**

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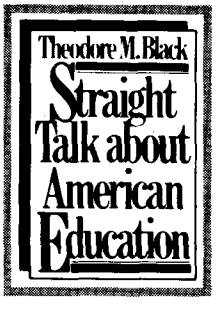

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needless to say), will convince many that we are in the middle of an enormous cultural coverup—perpetrated precisely by the people who pride themselves on exposing corruption. Perhaps they know not what they do. All the more reason for the rest of us to do something. □

Cadillac Jack
By Larry McMurtry
Simon & Schuster, 395 pp., $15.95

LAYING RUBBER

THOMAS MALLON

What I best remember from the year I lived in West Texas—even more than the dust storms—is how people could talk. One morning, for instance, a woman told me I looked "lower than a snake's belly." Talking is something Texans, like most Southerners, are especially good at. Larry McMurtry and most of his characters are Texans, and so it isn't surprising that *Cadillac Jack*, like some of his other novels, is an aural orgy, a great juicy squeeze of bawdy, tangy speech.

The plot is not especially important. Jack McGriff, 33, an ex-rodeo cowboy turned antiques scout, drives his big "pearl-colored Cadillac with peach velour interior" back and forth across America, buying and selling peculiar treasures, getting attached to—and then never quite separated from—one woman after another. There's Cindy, a social-climbing "California princess" who owns boutiques in Washington; Coffee, Jack's ex-wife, who has "almost no memory at all. Once she forgot what butter was, for example"; Jean, a wary, soon-to-be-divorced mother raising two little girls on her own; and Boss Miller, a wheeler-dealer's wife with so much vitality that Jack just likes to "mooch off her spirit." He pursues them; if they're inclined to pursue him they can always reach him on the phone in his Caddy. There are some vague connections made between the pursuit of objects and the pursuit of people, some stuff about the "swap-meets of love" and so forth, but Jack's insights into the sexual condition never get much beyond knowing: "I wouldn't really escape women. As soon as I got over one, another one would pop up." At the end of the book he's still on the road: "I slowly fizzed back into a blank, relaxed state, and instead of waiting for the conclusion I began to wait for St. Louis."

This would all be pretty poor if it weren't for the talk; and luckily, even if his song is kind of silly, McMurtry can sure sing it. Jack narrates his own book, and like the rest of the characters he's just fine with a line: "In every possible way she modeled herself on Marlene Dietrich, and since she was short and fat the accent was the only possible way;" "August looked like a primate, but not exactly like a man"; "Her breath was always fresh as a green grape—breath that was blowing straight off some absolutely tiptop cells." Take that last one: it's the unexpected combination of the breezy "tiptop" with the slightly scientific "cells" that gives it its spin and freshness. Throw a few hundred pairings like this into a book and (as P. G. Wodehouse knew) you've got a fine earful to give a reader.

There are plenty of harmless grotesques throughout *Cadillac Jack*: Boog Miller, a Texas political operator who wants to go home to Winkler County and read Spinoza, who, he is willing to admit, was a greater man than Sam Rayburn; Micah Leviticus, a poet who likes to inspire himself with reruns of Bob Newhart and Mary Tyler Moore ("'I hate it that Ted's always the scapegoat. I don't see what's so great about Georgette, personally'"); and Lolly and Janie Lee, two nice young oral masseuses at the Bubble Bath whom Boog is putting through secretarial school. Among Jack's antique-dealing clients are a man with 11,000 nests; a columnist with over 1,700 truncheons; and a lady in Los Angeles with Valentino's "silver-plated, ruby-eyed cobra hubcaps," a woman otherwise so hard up and addicted to selling her own things that her table is made of telephone directories: "'It's a good thing L.A. is a big town, with fat phone books,' she said. 'Otherwise I'd be eatin' off the floor.'"

McMurtry is very good with calamitous physical comedy, a sort of Blake Edwards of the printed page. When a pug invades the cleavage of the widow of a Secretary of State at a Georgetown dinner party early in *Cadillac Jack*, the mayhem takes off very pleasingly. The scene is nearly a match for the really gorgeous one in which the truck busts up the dance hall in McMurtry's earlier *Terms of Endearment*. What's a shame, though, is that this new book doesn't have much more than its talk and high spirits. *Terms of Endearment* had both those things, but it also had enough emotional force and psychological sense to squash a little piece of your heart. (To finish any of McMurtry's books is to want to talk Texan for a few days afterward.)

I could not feel much farther from

RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST NOVEMBER TITLES: The publication of *The World Theatre of Wagner: A Celebration of 150 Years of Wagner Productions* (Macmillan, $36.50), by Charles Osborne and with a preface by Colin Davis, is clearly intended to coincide roughly with the centenary of Wagner's death next year. The book is lavishly illustrated, its text balanced rather than worshipful. . . . *The Extraordinary Landscape: Aerial Photographs of America* (New York Graphic/Little, Brown, $60) is a volume of 165 photographs by the master of the genre, William Garnett, all of them lovely, and ranging from Cape Cod to Death Valley. There is an introduction by Ansel Adams.

■ SOME DECEMBER TITLES: Alzine Stone Dale's *The Outline of Sanity: A Life of G. K. Chesterton* (Eerdman's, $15.95) treats Chesterton as essentially a journalist whose work represented "unfailing sanity and balance in an unbalanced age.". . . *Ezra Pound: The Voice of Silence* (Permanent Press, $9.95), by Alan Levy, is a portrait of Pound in his self-imposed period of silence after his release from St. Elizabeths Hospital in 1958. There are accompanying photographs by Horst Tappe. The book, a paperback original, should be fascinating.

Claude Levi-Strauss's *The Way of the Masks* (University of Washington, $18.95), which originally appeared in French in 1975, now makes its appearance in English. Here the structural anthropologist explains the strange tribal masks of the Swaihwe of coastal British Columbia in terms of kinship ties, incest taboos, and myths.

■ COMING IN JANUARY: *Letters of Archibald Macleish* (Houghton, $20), edited by R. H. Winnick, is the first major collection of the poet's correspondence. . . . *Sara & Gerald: Villa America and After* (Times, $17.95), by Honoria Murphy Donnelly with Richard N. Billings, looks to be an interesting portrait, by their daughter, of the expatriate couple intimately involved in the lives and work of a generation of American artists. —CW

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Texas at the moment. In fact, I finished *Cadillac Jack* on a late train between London and Cambridge, the 10:05 out of Liverpool Street. It kept me awake and it kept me smiling, and those things are worth noting. In the novels over here the plots are generally neater, the syntax usually better, the matter often more earnest than in what we get back home. (Writers here are not always quite so quick to point to "the general inconclusiveness of life.") But there's much to be said for brawling energy, too. This particular English train was clean, safe, and punctual; but sometimes one likes to travel flat out fast on the freeway, heading nowhere with the radio up loud. *Cadillac Jack* is a little like that. □

Crisis: The Last Year of the Carter Presidency
By Hamilton Jordan
Putnam, 431 pp., $16.95

RAINOUT THEATER

D. KEITH MANO

Crisis, by Hamilton Jordan, offers some evidence, none of it conclusive, that the Carter Administration did exist.

And, Lord, what a neutered Presidency it was. Like something you might see on Rainout Theater. *Crisis*, in fact, disoriented me. Watergate, Manson, Chappaquiddick, even Korea feel more recent than that endless Iranian hostage stalemate. Time has developed a strange aneurysm: the suffering of those good people, along with their President, is forever stuck in it. Carter was not, shall we say, Capability Brown. And everyone around him seems to bask in his reflected dullness. Mondale has all the presence of a countersunk nail. Brzezinski will rattle his scabbard. Vance must've used a lye relaxer on his brain. Only Gerald Rafshoon can be amusing now and then: about a Carter speech he says that it "was brought to you by the supporters of the Equal Rights Amendment, the American labor movement (with the exception of the Teamsters), the consumer movement, the friends of Israel, and some white Southerners." Sad, undirected pragmatism. The whole Administration was fertile and decorative as bark chips in a hotel flower planter.

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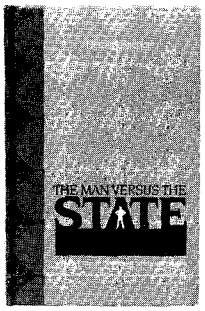

The Man Versus the State
With Six Essays on Government, Society, and Freedom

By Herbert Spencer
Foreword by Eric Mack
Introduction by Albert Jay Nock

This volume contains the four essays which Spencer published as *The Man Versus the State* in 1884. It also includes five essays which later publishers have at various times added to the original four. In addition, it provides "The Proper Sphere of Government," an early essay by Spencer which has long been overlooked.

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Still, I grew rather fond of Ham Jordan. Not for his humor (Mr. Goodwrench is wittier), nor for his insight (a lap robe has more). Nor, again, for what (apparently) he didn't do: like climb the twin pyramids or spit Amaretto-and-cream at a young woman or blow cocaine. Nor for any risqué personal revelation (there are none such: from this account you'd think old Ham quit Pennsylvania Avenue each night to, oh, have one beer, lay down some shelf paper in his kitchen, and sleep). "Despite my later image as a playboy, I spent most of my first year at the White House working 12 and 15 hours a day. Because of my work, I never went out socially." This, as pythons say about pigs, is rather hard to swallow. Nonetheless, I detect accuracy in tone if not absolute, search-and-destroy truth here. Jordan will, with matter-of-fact candor, call himself a political hack. And he doesn't ascribe higher (or lower) motives to those around him. Jordan has a club fighter personality: mean, awkward, game, and outclassed. Your average pol trying his best not to total America while in uneasy charge of it.

Then, by pure mischance, the way I might get involved in flu or salmonella poisoning, Jordan became Carter's chief secret hostage negotiator. Do you wonder why they shot Ghotbzadeh? Well, Ham met with him twice. Jordan even wore a disguise from Howard Hunt's old CIA theater trunk. "I . . . knew that it would be politically disastrous if it were discovered that I—of all people—was in charge of negotiating the release. For after three years in the White House, I had become an object of ridicule and controversy. I didn't like it, but I knew it was true." Jordan evidently did his ploddish most, shuttling from Bern to London to Panama, month after month. He was never comfortable with the responsibility and yet, given some luck, he might have yanked it off. Then where would we be? Indebted eternally to a man who can't even pronounce his own name.

Between 1966 and 1980 Ham Jordan nursed Jimmy Carter through endless political 2 AM feedings. And what did I learn in *Crisis* about this durable, intimate relationship? Nothing. Hoops. Pool-table pockets. Complete blank. Carter was, it seems, without qualities: without passion or particular intelligence or even one decent quirk. Jordan might just as well be describing The Shadow. *Crisis* has almost a spectral feel to it. Just twice, for example, did Carter visit Jordan in his White House office. And yet Ham can say this: "The only thing that kept me going through those years was the dream of Jimmy Carter being President." Why? What did they both believe in? Again, nothing much. And Jordan is straight about that: "He [Carter] lacked a unifying political philosophy that had been affirmed through his election."

So where did the dream come from? From a kind of regional spite, I think. The Carter Presidency and his relentless nomination drive were social and not political performances. The anger, throughout *Crisis*, is reserved for an elitist Democratic establishment, for Ted Kennedy most of all. Carter has little interest in Reagan as opponent or person or political thinker. His battle is between a bunch of Georgia fatwood oxpeckers and the Eastern, broad-A Democratic machine. But Kennedy got his revenge. Hell, you sure can't blame *conservative* media power if Jordan came out looking ridiculous and controversial. The Carter time was a blip, a splice in American continuity. Brought to you by Watergate and some leveling, disruptive after-effects of the McGovern convention. Which all will go to reprove one thing: in this great land anyone can become President. Let's just see that it doesn't happen again. □

FILM

TWO YOUTHS

JOHN SIMON

Will American movies about children ever grow up? Rainer Maria Rilke once accused the young novelist Friedrich Huch of turning children in a book into miniature adults. In *Tex*, which Charlie Haas and Tim Hunter adapted from a novel by S. E. Hinton for Walt Disney's Buena Vista Company, we supposedly get honest treatment for youth and a step ahead for Buena Vista. But a stultifying blandness prevails. The youths, though most of them look too old for their supposed age, are genuine enough. Like the adults, however, they have miniature brains.

Fifteen-year-old Tex McCormick (Matt Dillon, looking like a dim 23) lives with

his brother, Mason, 17 (Jim Metzler, looking like a somewhat brighter 25). Their mother died long ago; their father, a rodeo clown, stays away longer and longer, and sends less and less money back home to Bixby, Oklahoma. The film begins with Tex happily riding and jumping his horse; soon Mason sells it and his own to pay some overdue bills. Tex is inconsolable and vows vengeance. Meanwhile atmosphere has been established: Tex at school, razzed by the girls in his class, notably by pretty Jamie Collins, whose brother, Johnny, is Tex's best friend, and whose rich father, Cole, is the meanest man in Bixby; Tex at home, with his brother having to look after him and spur him on; Tex in his mind, undisciplined and resentful of the impending basketball scholarship that may take Mason to distant Indiana.

Wedged in between cute and rambunctious incidents are "serious" events. Friend Lem, who impregnated girlfriend Connie, must marry her and, to make quick money, becomes a pusher in Tulsa; a psychotic hitchhiker whom Tex and Mason pick up in their truck pulls a gun on them, but they outwit him and he winds up dead; the disaffected Tex (who overhears in an argument between his brother and his returned father that he was begotten by another man) goes off with Lem on some drug errands and gets shot and seriously wounded in a scuffle. But ev-

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ery cloud has a platinum lining: Father is a decent fellow after all, the boys become television celebrities, and Tex, by a preposterous stratagem, gets Mason a full scholarship to Indiana. Such depressing questions as what happens to Lem and his family after he is caught are swept under the carpet, the figure in which is Disney's beaming face.

Tex is a live-action cartoon. Here, just as in the adventures of Mickey, Minnie, Donald, and the rest, we can enjoy the most precarious goings-on with confidence in the benign outcome. But the cartoons at least had a resourceful, comically demonic energy, and the fantasticated disasters mocked our pretenses at respectability; in *Tex*, everything is reparable and repaired in the soft, fuzzy glow of the mendaciously sentimental. Significantly, much critical praise has been heaped on Zeljko Ivanek as the hitchhiker. He is indeed excellent, but his role is tiny; still, because for once something feels genuine and threatening, it towers above the rest.

Typical is the way nascent sexuality is handled. Tex takes Jamie (a pretty girl with a couple of birthmarks as earnests of realism) on a nocturnal drive. They kiss nicely, and he tries, nicely, to go all the way—which even Mason has always resisted doing. Jamie nicely rebuffs him, and he accepts it with slightly disgruntled but nice resignation. Of course, it could have happened that way, puppyishly and without rancor; but, alas, we know all along that that is how it will turn out—can you imagine Minnie Mouse not being a virgin on her wedding night?—and so none of it affects, or stings, or matters. And under Tim Hunter's homogenizedly routine direction and in Ric Waite's lackluster, even wishy-washy, cinematography, the whole thing looks like harmless mush.

NOTHING, HOWEVER, is quite harmless in *Time Stands Still*, young Péter Gothár's second feature film. It begins with grainy black-and-white documentary footage of the 1956 Hungarian uprising, then switches seamlessly into the story: the freedom fighters have been defeated and a father is escaping to America, but his wife and two young sons refuse to follow him. An electric street sign—a circle of bulbs—flashes in the background; many bulbs are missing, like teeth from a defeated mouth. Mother and sons—Gábor, about ten, and Dénes, seven or eight—watch grimly as Father sneaks out of the country.

They are at the window again, but it is 1963, and the film, almost too brilliantly shot by Lajos Koltai, has taken on color. A quirky, expressionist color, slightly unnatural and disorienting—as if a Käthe Kollwitz drawing had been casually tinted by Kirchner. It will become yet more eccentrically colored as the events become more lurid. The family of an escapee are semi-undesirables, and Gábor's chances of getting into medical school are slim. A sassy, sexy schoolgirl, Magda, has become smitten with Dénes and has infiltrated his cheerless ballroom-dancing class where kids learn obsolescent dances. Dénes responds to Magda's allure, but she used to go with the upper-form rebel leader whose *nom de guerre* is Pierre, and Dénes is jealous and a virgin. He suspects a trick and will not see her.

School life is a mess. A funny classmate of Dénes's has stolen some obscene photos from his father's drawer; the two boys try to sell them to the upper-formers, but are snubbed and denounced. The beastly assistant headmaster and his minions search the entire class, but the form master—a nice old Russian teacher who is deeply religious—covers up for Dénes, then lectures him in private about the sanctity of love and sex. Meanwhile, Bodor, Father's best friend, is released from jail and, in a scene full of bitter double entendres, gets Mother

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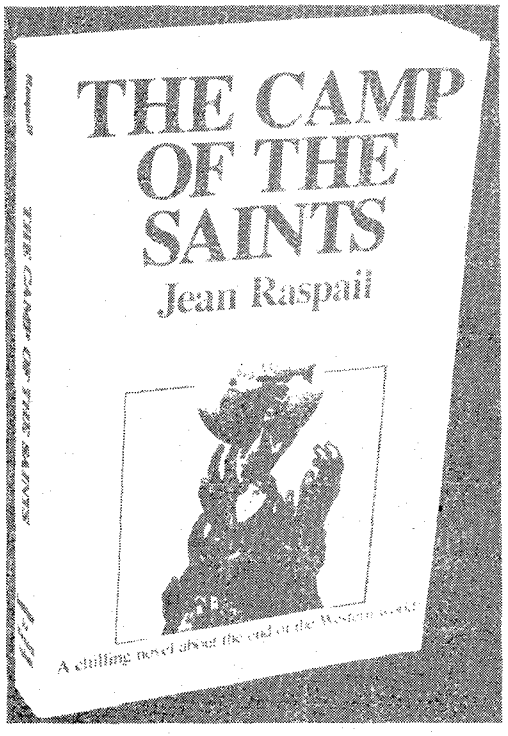

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to take him in. He becomes her lover, but the boys drive a fairly hard bargain before they accept him.

Gábor fears that his chances at medical school are worse still with Bodor in the house, but Bodor's position (as a skilled technician) improves. Yet "they" may be setting him up as a fall guy. Magda, steadily rejected by Dénes, becomes Gábor's bedmate, which crushes Dénes. Bodor gives him some cynical advice. At school, a new form mistress —bright, perky, tough—replaces the old form master, who, in political disgrace, is transferred to a provincial school. But Dénes meets him in Budapest at a candlelight procession on Good Friday and, aching from Magda's betrayal, insults him and his ideas of love.

Dénes also has a strange love-hate relation with the new form mistress, and won't work for her. Mother visits the teacher in the latter's apartment; her husband, a former high-ranking Communist, is lavishly pensioned but in disfavor; he has become crazed, and his wife must lock him in his room. The two women begin to talk as mother and teacher but discover their past political antagonism; the situation grows tense, even though the teacher warns about taking out their damaged lives on the kids. There is a national celebration, and the headmaster addresses the students in their various classrooms over a PA system; Pierre seizes the microphone and creates a funny "antisocial" disruption. Dénes and two other boys laugh at the address, and are grilled in class by the assistant head in a scene that, for wry comedy, would be hard to surpass. The new mistress earns the class's grudging admiration for her courage. Pierre, expelled, wrecks the school with his henchmen, jumps from a window, and lands in the hospital.

The plot goes on, extremely complex and always either funny and touching or sardonic and earthy. American popular music, Coca-Cola, and neon lights are allowed into Hungary. The kids are singing and dancing to Elvis Presley songs, getting high on Cokes that they believe to be drugged, and are seen in new, exotic illumination. Camera angles are slightly distorting; camera movements, explosive. The editing is elliptical, the color virulent. There are sexual initiations and plans to flee the country; an attempted suicide pops up in a comic context. Politics changes relationships; Bodor, who was gutsy and sarcastic when the going was roughest, is rising to the top and getting scared. A popular song of the period, "Time Stands Still," sheds its ambiguity on the proceedings: Does it mean *plus ça change*, or that timeless happiness is coming?

Toward the end, ironies, ambiguities, plot twists jostle one another. The circle of lights in the street is almost repaired: most of the bulbs are on. Events augur well, especially for Dénes and Magda. Then we skip to 1967 and an ironic epilogue. Things work out in a bittersweet, melancholy way. But all the lights in the circle are in full glow.

Both the older professionals and the young amateurs act splendidly for Gothár. No less splendid are the political ironies, the interaction of public and private happenings. Much is left ambiguous, but our concern can fill in the gaps. For an Iron Curtain film, *Time Stands Still* is remarkably courageous and provocative. For any kind of film, it is challenging and rewarding. □

SOUND ON DISC

IN SEARCH OF GOD

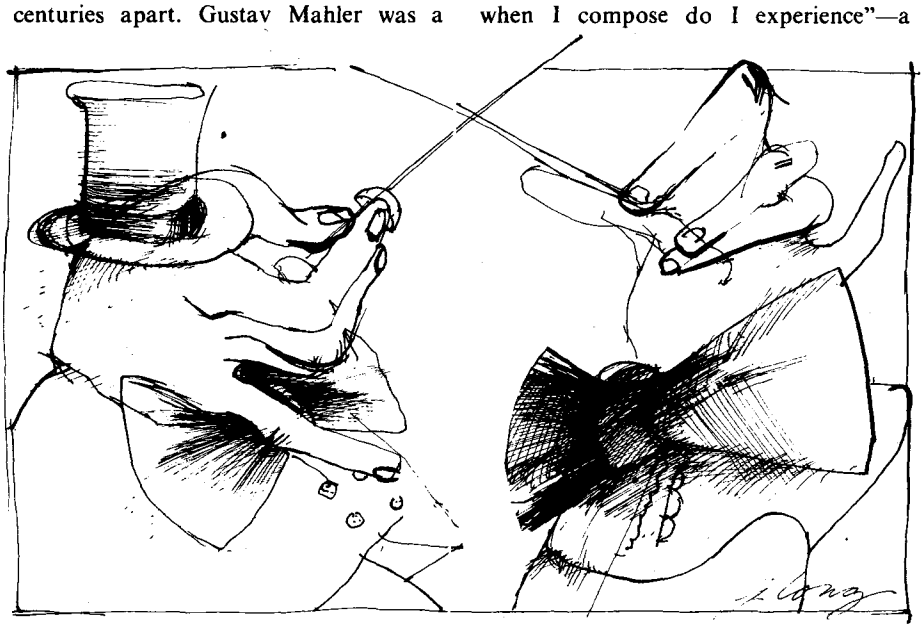
RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Each in his own way was a *Gottgetrunkene Mensch.* Each in his music sought to beat a path out of the confusions of post-Romanticism. They were contemporaries, as the patina of their compositions discloses, yet they were centuries apart. Gustav Mahler was a product of the extraordinary sophistications of Vienna—a Jew who like other Jews in the arts found refuge in conversion and Catholicism. His faith was no less deep than that of Anton Bruckner, of peasant stock, whose thinking and emotions sprang full-bodied from the Middle Ages. Mahler was one of the great conductors of his time, a creature of the orchestra. Bruckner was a church organist who almost reluctantly moved into the symphonic arena.

Their music was a probing toward God—Mahler's tortured and death-oriented, Bruckner's a forming hymn. Bruckner never really mastered the orchestra. Mahler captured it, and in turn became a captive of its vast sonorities, its massive expressiveness.

Contemporaries like Hugo Wolf wrote of Bruckner's "originality, greatness, fantasy, and invention" but complained of his "lack of intelligence." Mahler, who should have known better, wrote in a letter to his wife, "After I had gone through all of Brahms, I turned again to Bruckner. Singularly average people! The former remained *im Löffel* [in the crucible] too long, the latter must now be poured into it." Perhaps Bruckner had his own words about Mahler.

Now, perhaps *par hazard*, Angel has released new recordings of Mahler's Symphony No. 2, the *Resurrection* (Angel EMI, DSB-3916, 2 discs, $25.98), and Bruckner's Symphony No. 9 (Angel EMI, S-37700, $12.98). Mahler worked for seven years on his Second, able to complete it only after a religious experience when he attended Hans von Bülow's funeral. "Only when I experience do I compose," he said, "only when I compose do I experience"—a



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fitting *ars musica* for a post-Romantic.

Mahler believed correctly that the post-Beethoven symphonic composer must have a program, but that he must not burden the listener with it. But the program of the Second—for me, Mahler's most moving work—is inescapable. It surges through life itself—pain, happiness, sorrow, groping, death, and, like the sound of a distant horn, resurrection. The final movement, in a great panoramic sweep, involves the elements of the preceding four movements and ends in the contemplation of God. It would have been fitting that Bruno Walter, Mahler's student and the great exponent of his music, should have conducted the Second. He understood both the ache and the depth of Mahler's composition. But Klaus Tennstedt, leading the London Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra, has his own virtues in traversing the complexities and simplicities of the score—and he has what Walter has always lacked—excellent recording and quiet surfaces.

Bruckner's Ninth, in D minor, occupied the last nine years of his life, and he was still working on it a few hours before his death. Strictly speaking, it is unfinished, since he left some two hundred manuscript pages for the finale. It can also be called a compendium of much of his previous work, the strengths and the weaknesses, the lyricism and the turgidity. In a religious sense, it is a kind of deathbed confession, a statement of his mortality. Anguish and torture dominate, harshly or lyrically, until the tranquillity of the symphony's E-major conclusion. This reading, by Eugen Jochum, who remains one of the great conductors of the post-Romantic, with the Staatskapelle Dresden, brings together what is a difficult score brilliantly and cogently.

We can listen to Rossini's *Stabat Mater* without recalling the martial "Cujus Animam" of Jussi Bjoerling, with its gainsaying of the *contristatem et dolentem*. But this is as Rossini would have had it, and this is as we get it in a beautiful new recording by Riccardo Muti and the Chorus and Orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino (Angel EMI, DS-37901, $12.98). Rossini believed that Pergolesi had closed the books on the *Stabat Mater*. Yet of the great operatic composers of his time, Rossini was eminently fitted to create his own version. His musical roots were in the eighteenth century, and a classic pulse beats throughout the work.

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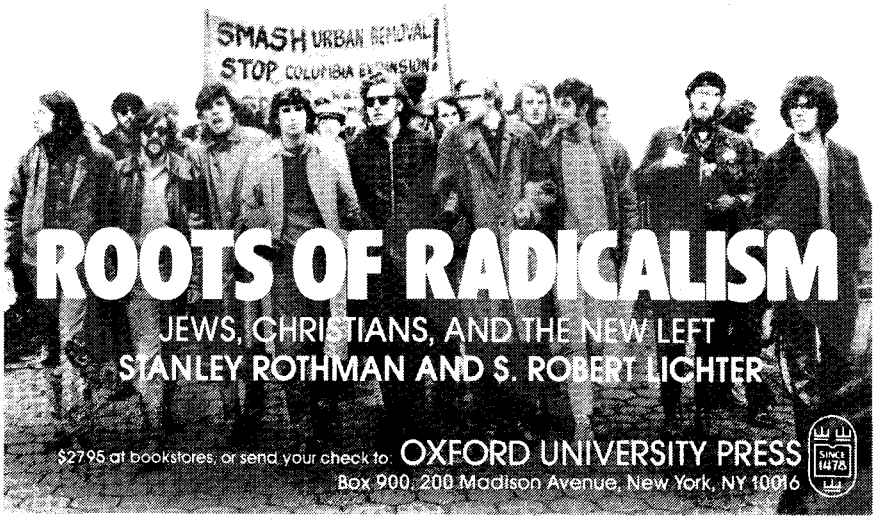
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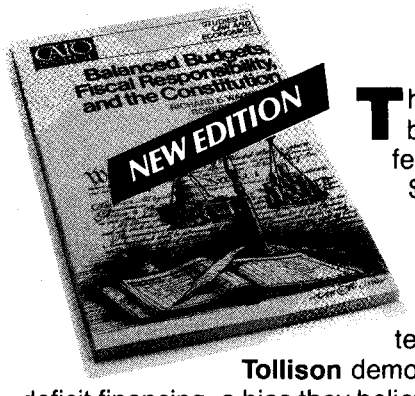

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Like everyone who wrote liturgical music after Haydn, Rossini could not escape the charge or the reality of being "operatic," thus violating the Council of Trent. When the composer was commissioned to write a *Stabat Mater*, he stipulated that it not be published, which would have been tragic. For every age has the right and the duty to celebrate the Father, the Son, and the Virgin in its own voice. The beat of the "Cujus Animam," the syncopes of the "Sancta Mater," and the rhythms that occupy the score speak for the nineteenth century. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* is a great and inspiriting religious work, given a great and inspiriting performance by Muti and his Florentines. God, I am sure, is not displeased. □

DELECTATIONS

WINES OF RIOJA

NIKA HAZELTON

"But where are the vineyards?" I asked the chauffeur as we were driving into the Alta Rioja district in northern Spain—which, according to many, produces the country's finest red wines. "Here, there, everywhere," he answered, waving about him, indicating all the little vineyards hidden among the wheat and sunflower fields. This was not the cozy landscape of Burgundy, or of the Napa Valley, where vineyards and wineries nestle close together, but one of broad farmlands stretching toward the mountain ranges in the distance. In other parts of Rioja there are, I'm told, big vineyards, but traditionally the wineries buy their grapes from smaller growers rather than growing them themselves, as they do in Bordeaux or the Rhine Valley.

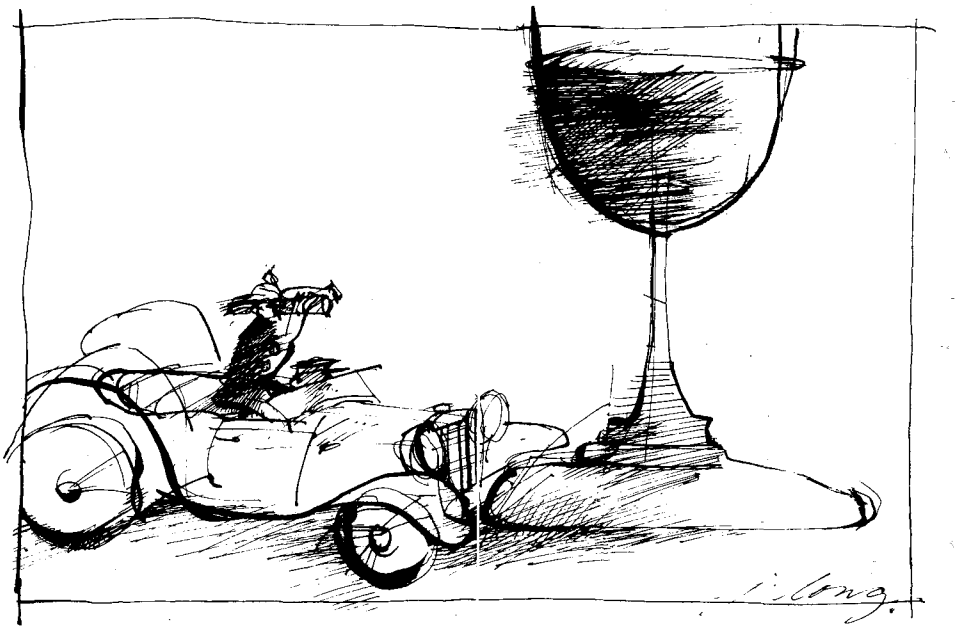
The purpose of my trip was to visit three of the wineries that produce excellent wines with the title of Marqués (marquis) on the label. I was curious to know if the Marqueses of Murrieta, Riscal, and Cacerés, really existed, or if they were simply come-on names for those susceptible to titles. The Marqueses, I found, are alive and well, and indeed own the wineries that bear their names, though they do not take part in the wine-making process today, as the Riscal and Murrieta ancestors did.

While visiting the Rioja region, my husband and I stayed in one of the charming *paradores*: (inns) run by the Spanish government, models of cleanliness and reasonable prices and with excellent food and service. This one, in Santo Domingo de la Calzada—once a medieval hostel for pilgrims to Santiago de Compostela—was small, very pretty, and simple compared to the grand palatial *paradores* in Santiago and León. Opposite it was a picturesque Renaissance church that housed two white fowl, a cock and a hen, in a separate balcony near the entrance that had been made into a baroque gilded cage; they crowed and clucked lustily during Mass and produced eggs for the sacristan. Curious as to how these birds came to be here, I asked and was told that they commemorate a local legend. It seems that a pilgrim was wrongly accused of theft by a village girl and hanged. His father, hoping to prove his son's innocence, appealed to the local governor, who laughed and said he would believe the father when the two chickens, cooked and ready to eat on the governor's table, came to life and hopped about. At once the fowl came to life, fluffing fair white feathers, hopping from the dish onto the table.

Pedro-Jesús Marrodán Sáinz, winemaker of the Bodegas Marqués de Murrieta (second oldest in Rioja, founded in the 1870s), is an incredibly impressive man who all his life has made wine in the traditional Rioja manner. His wines are absolutely wonderful: big fruity reds long aged in oak to give them a taste that is becoming rare in the wines destined for export (Americans don't like oaky wines). Stressing that "the grape always tells you what to do," he showed me around the winery, which, nestled against the hillside, works by gravity. (The wine clears itself by running downhill.) Beneath the oil portrait of the mustachioed founder, complete with frock coat and ribboned order, we tasted Don Jesús's wines, among them the rare 1934 Murrieta Castillo Ygay, still in its prime and a revelation of perfection. Don Jesús gave me a bottle as a present, which I drank in Italy a few months later, thinking how much better it was than any Italian wine I'd ever had, and, come to think of it, better than any but the greatest French wines.

THE RISCAL reds are lighter, more astringent, with something of an edge. The founder started the bodega (I believe the first in Rioja) in 1860, making a wine in the style of Bordeaux, which is not far from Rioja and produced under similar climatic conditions. The earlier extant Riscal vintages, from the 1950s, are more like Bordeaux than the current ones because they use the great Bordeaux grape, the Cabernet, which is not the standard grapes required by Spanish law to make Rioja wines. The winemaker's son, speaking poor French, was not very revealing, but I gathered that the wines are also made to please the lighter American taste. The Riscal cellars, a vast underground network of caves, are wonderful, a fairy-tale land of dusty and new bottles.

Cacerés was my last Marqués winery, and the Marqués here is an even more shadowy figure than the others. Cacerés



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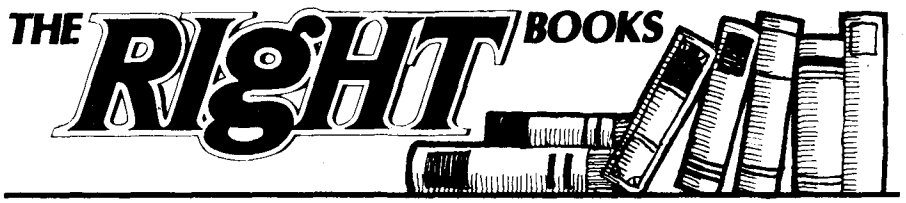
is actually run by Henri Forner, who founded it in the 1960s—making it the youngest, by about a century, of these Marqués wineries. The wines are actually produced by a cooperative of growers and winemakers; Forner then takes their product and assembles, refines, ages, and bottles it. M. Forner, who also owns two fine Bordeaux chateaux, has managed to make Spanish wines that even the French like—not to mention the Americans (I can't help wondering how he achieves this). It is the most Bordeaux-like of all Spanish wines, and is excellent wine, especially the *riservas*, the best wines of a vintage.

My recommendations: 1) For splendid drinking, Murrietas, when you can find them, are worth the money. Look for them. 2) For very good drinking (daily, for family use, with *riservas* on Sunday) Cacerés, which is one of the best wine buys in the wine market, at around $5 a bottle, *riservas* a little higher. The *riservas* currently available in New York City are the 1970 vintage. 3) Riscal: pleasant, easily available, and sold in the $5 price range. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE WORD PROCESSING BOOK: *A Short Course in Computer Literacy, by Peter A. McWilliams (Prelude Press, Box 69773, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069; 240 pp., $10).* If anyone who regularly uses a typewriter tells you he is not interested in a word processor, feel free to smile. The fact of the matter is that everyone who writes or types has a secret curiosity about the subject, one which, however, there is a certain anxiety to suppress. Why? Because word processors are expensive, and because to master their operation requires a certain amount of effort. Those anxious to continue in ignorance, and, worse still, without the most convenient writing aid since the discovery of the typewriter, should not order this book (available also by telephone: 800-421-1809, just give the automatic telephone your MasterCard or Visa number). The author, a published poet, couldn't understand why a country exploding with knowledge-industry devices should be so grudging in the matter of explaining what a word processor is, and why anyone who doesn't avail himself of one is a Luddite. McWilliams set out to write (on his word processor) a book which is informed, cheerful, relaxed, unintimidating, informal, and immensely readable. Indeed I'd want to read it even if I had no fingers, so to speak, to permit me to marvel at what has come to pass. The author concludes by giving a rundown of competing hardware.



CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

WALTER E. WILLIAMS is a Negro (he uses the word without self-consciousness) professor of economics at George Mason University in Fairfax, Va. who writes a newspaper column syndicated by Heritage Features. He is also a former National Fellow at the Hoover Institution at Stanford University and the author of two monographs, more than thirty articles, and now a book—*The State against Blacks* (New Press/McGraw-Hill, $14.95)—that is causing his name to be yoked nationally with that of Thomas Sowell, the economist and political scientist, who is certainly America's foremost black conservative theoretician. *The State against Blacks* is a powerful assault against hoary myth and steadfast reaction, against complacency and ratiocination by rote. A century from now the *New York Times* and *The Nation* will be lamenting the passing of the economically and humanly restrictive society this book describes and denounces, as certain parties below the Mason-Dixon Line are still bewailing the end of the Confederacy and the demise of Southern Civilization and the Peculiar Institution.

In an attempt to soften the ground a little, Williams begins by lobbing a few shells behind enemy lines, "extricat[ing] from race some of the emotive language." With Johnsonian aplomb, if not language, he tackles the meaning of "discrimination," which "may be defined as an act of choice based upon utility maximization. Racial discrimination is an act of choice whereby racial attributes provide the criteria for choice. Our lives are largely spent discriminating for and against selected activities, objects, and people." Discrimination then is a perfectly human, unexceptionable activity, just as "prejudice" is nothing more than foreknowledge applied as economically as possible to a given situation:

> Decisions to prejudge are inextricably tied to individual judgments on what constitutes the right amount of information search. Information is not a free good; it is acquired by the expenditure of time, effort, and usually money. For any of us, there will be a point at which the cost of acquiring one more unit of information is equal to the expected total gain from that unit. This means that additional information will not be sought because the total cost would be greater than the added gain.

But even, Williams argues, if discrimination and prejudice were the purely malevolent force of liberal myth, they could not be [illegible] primarily responsible for the plight of black Americans today. Human social life is infinitely more complex than the mythmakers would have it: "While *unorganized* individual behavior often gets translated into 'apparently' organized results . . . there are a large number of collective results that operate independently of individual motivation or intent which are widely known." There have simply been too many politically and economically discriminated-against groups in history that have flourished within hostile cultures for simple race hatred to account for what ails the contemporary Negro. And this is important for practical as well as rhetorical reasons, because every piece of legislation since the 1940s aimed at his betterment has started from the assumption that the white man's implacable enmity toward the descendent of slavery is the most formidable barrier to his success.

IN FACT, Williams argues, it is precisely the passing of a free American market—sacrificed largely for the supposed benefits of blacks and other minorities—that makes the Negro's position anomalous and dangerous. Every other ethnic group in the U.S. was acculturated *before* the New Dealers and their successors passed minimum-wage laws, gave the unions a monopoly on work, set ceilings on interest rates, and undertook to manage an elaborate, wasteful, and restrictive system of occupational licensing. If blacks aren't as successful as they should be in the economy it's because the economy is no longer free and they can't get into it. □

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Moreover, he has got into the habit of putting out a fresh edition every few months to keep track of developments in the industry. It is a splendid buy. And if the book is the proximate cause of your picking up a word processor, you will forever bless the name of Peter McWilliams.

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

SELF-PORTRAIT: *Ceaselessly into the Past, by Ross Macdonald, edited by Ralph B. Sipper (Capra Press, 129 pp., $15).* Kenneth Millar—who, writing as "Ross Macdonald," is the author of the best and most remarkable series of crime novels in the English language, the Lew Archer saga—has now allowed rare-book dealer Ralph B. Sipper to gather 21 of his fugitive essays together and publish them in a long-overdue collection called *Self-Portrait: Ceaselessly into the Past*. Most of these pieces began life as prefaces to the various Archer omnibuses and other books by or about Mr. Macdonald; the best of them deal more or less directly with the autobiographical experiences that lie just back of the Archer novels, those "fables of modern identity" (Hugh Kenner's words) that for more than three decades have been opening up new horizons in the crime fiction field. Also of interest are appreciations of Dashiell Hammett, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Eudora Welty, the last of whom has also contributed a graceful and acute foreword; a newly published interview with Ralph Sipper; and an assortment of perceptive pieces dealing with the mystery genre itself. More than just a well-meant tribute to a popular author, *Self-Portrait: Ceaselessly into the Past* is also a valuable and fascinating addition to the output of one of this country's most consistently undervalued literary artists.

TERRY TEACHOUT

GOOD ADVICE, *by Leonard Safir and William Safire (Times Books, 400 pp., $16.95).* Advice is cheap, they say. They also say *good* advice is costly. In this case, it will cost you nearly $20, which seems a tad dear for a collection of two thousand quotations. Nevertheless, there is a lot of good advice here, if you are the sort who consults books for it. The authors (they are brothers, despite the different spellings: William added the final "e" because that is how the name is pronounced) have heeded Horace's advice of 8 B.C.: "Whatever your advice, make it brief." In his introduction, Safire notes that the essence of advice is the verb; as illustration, he provides his own favorite piece of advice: Napoleon's "If you start to take Vienna—take Vienna." This is all very good and fine, I suppose, but surely the brothers were actually following the more practical advice of Oscar Wilde—"The only thing to do with good advice is to pass it on. It is never of any use to oneself." And surely they realize, as did Byron, that "good but rarely came from good advice." Still, the authors have collected quotes from such diverse characters as Richard Brinsley Sheridan, William Shakespeare, and Steve McQueen. And who cannot think of situations where these words will come in handy? "When angry, count four; when very angry, swear," according to Mark Twain. An English proverb: "Think of ease, but work on." Or this from Theodore Roosevelt: "Whenever you are asked if you can do a job, tell 'em, 'Certainly I can!' Then get busy and find out how to do it." Jefferson Davis counseled, "Never be haughty to the humble; never be humble to the haughty." And H. L. Mencken advised, "Don't overestimate the decency of the human race." In the end, it is perhaps best to heed Horace Smith, the English essayist and stockbroker, who in 1826 wrote, "Good advice is one of those injuries which a good man ought, if possible, to forgive." Mr. Safire and Mr. Safir are forgiven.

JOE MYSAK

LAST RITES: *The Death of William Saroyan as Chronicled by His Son, by Aram Saroyan (Morrow, 176 pp., $10).* After I had read this book about an "emotional miser" who hated his wife and children, sealed his loose change into Mason jars, and left his sizable fortune to the William Saroyan Foundation where it couldn't be touched even if some member of his family were dying of terminal cancer (as he was), I dug back into my correspndence of 1938-40 to see whether there was any resemblance to the Bill Saroyan I had known, sweet-tempered, outgoing, witty, generous, and so unegotistical that he called me an "expert" for editing some pieces he had been kind enough to send me for free. I saw no resemblance and I remembered none. Of course he might have been setting me up for some advantage he hoped to gain from my modest editorial eminence, but that was hard to believe. Then what had happened to the Armenian-American short-story writer and playwright over those forty years? What had turned the carefree poet into a heartless ogre? Adulation by the Armenians who treasured this primitive genius as their sole cultural asset? Fame followed by neglect? A childhood trauma, as his son insists: getting even with his parents, who had inadvertently abandoned him at age three, by abandoning and vilifying his own family? Hard to believe again. Yet his son, Aram, is a compelling writer who makes his own anguish over his father's cruelty believable. There is a moving reconciliation at the deathbed, but then Aram's bitterness returns and he excoriates his father in the final paragraphs for leaving his estate to the public. With his family already provided for, was that heartless? The puzzle remains. And if it ever is to be solved, it will have to be by some non-familial biographer.

SELDON RODMAN

MOLNAR

(Continued from page 1485)

Communist horror; 12 years later the Prague Spring wanted to usher in a socialism with a human face; another dozen years later, *Solidarnosc* in Gdansk minimized its demands from the start, agreeing to remain under overall Communist rule and accepting membership in the Warsaw Pact. Thus the three great uprisings in satellites situated on the fringes of the Soviet empire tried different formulas, each as if it had learned the previous lesson. What is clear from this evolution, though, is that Moscow will not tolerate any clash, no matter how mild, with Soviet interests. Whether the rebel movement minimizes or maximizes its demands, whether it chooses a nationalist explosion or rational negotiations—Moscow's answer is threat, suppression, the big lie, tanks.

The creative element in Hungary feels itself bottled up in a suffocating environment. The intellectuals speak of a ruthlessly enforced enfeeblement of the nation, chosen by the Kremlin as its tool when the earlier attempt at Russification failed in a non-Slavic milieu. Illyés Gyula confided to friends a few years ago that he feels Hungary is condemned to disappear—demographically, morally, its religion and language submerged. What Tartar, Turk, and Habsburg could not achieve in Hungary's thousand-year history, Communism has come close to accomplishing. □

RUSHER

(Continued from page 1478)

changes between the major powers can be ruled out—subject always to the aforesaid proviso about accidents. These are certainly a serious enough possibility to warrant all suitable precautions (hot-lines and the like), but are scarcely likely to command the chief attention of strategic planners of the future.

The real danger of nuclear war (or of the use of other "ultimate" weapons) in the decades and centuries immediately ahead will be twofold. The first danger will arise from the end of war's historic role in "wiping the blackboard clean." Unappealing as it is, war has frequently served a purgative function in human history—overthrowing decadent dynasties, etc. If, in the future, some decaying superpower possesses a generous supply of "ultimate" weapons, nuclear or oth-

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erwise, it may prove a good deal trickier to overthrow than the Manchus. This is essentially a problem in political science, but its military aspects must be recognized. The solution may, in most cases, be a further delay, during which the moribund power succumbs to a civic collapse and rebellion not readily preventable by nuclear means.

Another political consideration of the same sort is the fact that powers of the second rank, possessed of the ability to make "ultimate" weapons, are going to be a lot harder, hereafter, to brush aside than they used to be in the good old days of gunpowder. Israel, a Jewish island in an Arab sea; Taiwan, facing the might of mainland China; even white South Africa, defying a hostile world—each of these is going to be in a position to insist upon its survival far beyond any period that would have been considered reasonable in the days before "ultimate" weapons. As in the case of decaying superpowers, changes in such nations will have to come about largely by political means—which is to say, internal ones.

The second danger of the era we are entering will arise, not from the possession of "ultimate" weapons by the major powers, or even by those of the second rank, but from their acquisition by still lesser powers or groups that may be in thrall to some Amin or Qaddafi or Arafat not averse to using them for his own limited but (to him) compelling purposes. This danger is both real and imminent: attempts to halt the proliferation of nuclear weapons among nations of even the third rank are almost certainly doomed to failure. It is, therefore, entirely possible that nuclear weapons will some day fall into the hands of some fanatic able and willing to detonate them.

Such a development might well produce a startling degree of temporary cooperation between the CIA and the KGB, in the course of which some of our liberals' stricter injunctions about personal violence against heads of state might get trampled. But the fact is that such desperate measures may fail: Qaddafi's (hypothetical) atom bomb may go off, and may even trigger retaliatory strikes. But even such a series of events would be a far cry from the total holocaust envisioned by the Jonathan Schells of the world. This old globe has already witnessed two actual atomic bombings, as well as countless test explosions, and survived. It can survive a great many Qaddafis—though not, to be sure, totally without cost.

The true prospects for the human race, then, are for an indefinitely long and tightly self-enforced moratorium by the major powers on the use of nuclear or other "ultimate" weapons, punctuated by the usual conventional wars over secondary objectives and perhaps enlivened by very occasional atomic detonations by miscellaneous half-mad Qaddafis who never got over their boyhood fascination with firecrackers. Curiously, the net result may be centuries of what, in relative terms, men will call "peace."

The Uses of Parity

Is there any hope that the superpowers might agree to reduce, albeit not eliminate, their stores of nuclear arms? It seems reasonable to think so, since incremental additions to the stockpiles simply increase the cost to each side without (improvements in technology apart) materially increasing the danger to the foe. But the Soviet Union, having acquired a significant advantage over the United States in certain respects, is humanly reluctant to yield it (quite independently of any formed intent to use it), and will do so only if the United States once again attains parity—as President Reagan is now seeking to do. Only then can negotiations looking toward "mutual and balanced reductions" hope to succeed.

Is there some way in which our scenario might be invalidated? Certainly there is one. If the fools, and worse, who are demanding the total abolition of nuclear weapons—or (what amounts to the same thing) a pledge of no first use—were to have their way, the net result would be to thrust mankind instantly back into the very worst period of the pre-nuclear era: the period in which worldwide wars followed one another at decreasing intervals and were fought with ever more terrible "conventional" weapons. And there would be, in all likelihood, one other consequence: swift victory, in such a conventional war, for the Soviet Union, whose superiority in conventional weapons should guarantee her the rapid conquest of the entire Eurasian-African land mass. If, to avoid this result, the Free World resorted to nuclear weapons after all, the world would at last have the very holocaust these foolish people sought to avoid.

"Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety." The paradox was already familiar when Shakespeare summarized it dramatically almost four centuries ago. The future of mankind is too important a subject to be converted into a plaything for the Angst of a bunch of overbred neurotics. Man has at last invented weapons he dare not use. Why assume that his political inventiveness will prove incapable of arranging that, for the most part, they will not be used? Why assume that God will, despite His promise, permit us to be tempted beyond our strength? □

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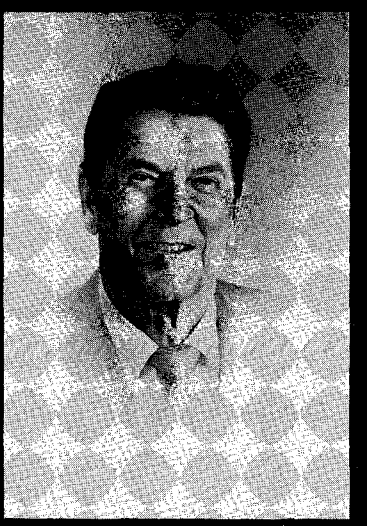

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(Our apologies, once again, to our Trans-O-Gram aficionados. The box in last issue's puzzle labeled "176C" should have read "176G." —IW)

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Is the Chinese Disease Special?

On The Right

Hong Kong, Nov. 1—Meeting with foreign correspondents in Hong Kong after a brief visit to China and substantial reading about developments there in the recent past, I ventilated a perception—more accurately, an inquiry—which, to judge from the reception I received, strikes most China-watchers here as near-hysterical. I hope it is, but hear me out.

Question: If de-Nazification procedures of the sort used in postwar Germany to track down and punish the most heinous offenders under Hitler were begun tomorrow in Peking—de-Maoization, if you like—how many more Chinese would be convicted than Germans?

We are, unhappily, calloused in this century by massive, institutionalized cruelty, most readily evoked by the mere mention of the name of Hitler, or of Stalin.

Concede the worst about the people who tolerated Hitler—his constituents, who became his subjects. There was infinite cruelty committed by Germans. But isn't it correct to say that, although we do not forgive them their loyalty to Hitler, the German people did not, so to speak, as a race, participate in the distinctive cruelties associated with Nazism? It is one thing to suspect, as many Germans did, that such things as Dachau existed. Something else, surely, to have been actively engaged in the administration of Dachau.

It is so in the Soviet Union, where, however many people have been required to handle the huge job of torturing, starving, and executing dissidents over a period of two generations, it cannot justly be said that all this was done by the Russian "people." It was done by a few hundred thousand Russians, trained in sadism and drugged by ideology, who became, as it were, professional suppressors of human freedom. Isn't it fair to assume that the overwhelming majority of the Russians (to use here a word to comprehend all the people over which the USSR has dominion) were, and are, passive victims of the Gulag state?

But as one learns more and more about the Cultural Revolution, one finds oneself looking at what would appear to have been a genuinely cooperative venture. Granted—of course—that the great catalyst of it all was the Great Helmsman himself. But note also, in passing, that Chou En-lai, toward whose memory we're all supposed to think kindly, went along with the act.

But then, more important for the present purposes, so apparently did "the people." There is instance after instance of professors turning against a colleague, of doctors forming a mob to denounce a fellow doctor, of clerks reporting on a clerk, of mobs serving as jurors in public stadiums demanding, and getting, instant execution of an ideological suspect. Fox Butterfield, in his book *China, Alive in the Bitter Sea*, quotes time and again this or the other Chinese who, because of the Cultural Revolution, feels that the entire Communist enterprise was forever stained. "The Cultural Revolution actually was a good thing," a 16-year-old girl told Butterfield. "In the 1950s the Chinese were very naïve. They believed in the Communists, like my mother [a high-school teacher]. Then in the Cultural Revolution, they locked her up for a year and a half because her father was a well-known scholar, what they derided as a 'bourgeois authority.' Some Red Guards in her school made her kneel on broken glass in front of all the students."

But, you see, such incidents were for years as common as, in America, a cookout, and the question must seriously be explored: Are there, in the tradition of Oriental despotism, jostled by the eructation of Maoism, grounds for wondering whether the problem in China, pending exorcism by a return to, or a guided search for, higher moral standards, is very deep-rooted? So much so that one cannot be loosely optimistic about the future, so long as it continues to be guided by people who still refuse to accept any moral authority beyond that of the Revolution?

An Gang, deputy editor-in-chief of the *People's Daily*, the organ of the Chinese Communist Party, succinctly put to Butterfield the purpose of his paper. "It is to propagate Marxism Leninism Mao Tse-tung thought." There are 160 million loudspeakers in the Chinese countryside, over which the Party's orders are relayed.

One correspondent, in the most desperate exercise of so's-your-old-man since polemics began, said to me: What about America's treatment of the Indians? What about Joe McCarthy?

In the awful context in which we speak, one might as well reply, "What about the Tylenol poisoner?" No, the great Cultural Revolution demonstrated that the human poison is widespread, terribly much so. And the healthiest sign is that some—we do not know how many—Chinese are aware of this. It is cheerful to learn the words spoken to Butterfield by a Chinese woman who had finally secured permission to leave China. Bound for Chicago on the jet, she said to him, "If China ever opened its doors, everybody would go. To the United States." □

HOW ARE THEY DOING, IN CHINA?

Shanghai, Oct. 29—*Question:* Are things in China better now than they were under Mao?

Answer: Yes, both as to snippets of economic liberalism, and half-snippets of cultural liberalism. But the recent signals suggest that the great venture in cultural pluralism may have a shorter life than yesterday's average-run Broadway show.

Question: At least the Chinese should be grateful for the strides made under Communism in life-essentials—education, food, housing, jobs, crime, income, productivity, life expectancy?

Answer: That assumption is one of the great superstitions of the twentieth century, like the one about Mussolini and the trains.

Take education. Three per cent of college-age Chinese go to college, about one million in all. Less in whole numbers than in the Philippines, whose population is 4 per cent of China's; one-eighth as many as

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in Russia. There are 140 million Chinese illiterates, 120 million of them under 45, i.e., for the most part, schooled under Mao. Only 60 per cent of Chinese youth finish five years of primary school, and only half of these achieve what used to be conventional standards. Educational expenditures per student per year are about ten dollars.

Food? The consumption is about at the level of the mid-Fifties, no better than in the mid-Thirties. In 1979, two hundred million peasants lived in a state of semi-starvation. Sixteen million died during the three-year food shortage following Mao's Great Leap Forward in 1958.

Well, housing?

The average allotment of housing space per person in China's cities is 3.6 square yards, about the size of a large dining-room table; less than one-half the average space in the Soviet Union.

But at least they have jobs?

In 1979, almost 30 per cent of urban young people were jobless.

Well, crime has substantially been eliminated?

Juvenile delinquency was ten times higher in 1980 than in the early Sixties. The labor-camp population is somewhere between several hundred thousand and several million.

But productivity is now impressive?

China has the largest number of car and truck plants in the world and, with its total output of 220,000 vehicles, ranks twentieth in the world in car manufacturing. The *People's Daily* has an editorial staff of six hundred to put out an eight-page daily. The *New York Times* has an editorial staff of 475 to put out an eighty-page daily. The Chinese farmer averages a crop of 2,200 pounds of grain per year. The American farmer averages a crop of 110,000 pounds per year—fifty times as productive.

But you do admit that life expectancy is up?

Yes, it is up—by thirty years. Some Chinese would liken that to living out an increased prison sentence of thirty years.

How long were you in China?

Total? About four days.

How did you collect all of these figures, traveling in China four days?

I didn't. I got them from Fox Butterfield's remarkable book, *China, Alive in the Bitter Sea.*

That sounds like a pretty biased book to me.

It is written by a trained Sinologist, fluent in Chinese, until recently a reporter for the *New York Times* in Peking, whose book is acclaimed by the dean of American Sinologists (and Mao-enthusiast), Harvard's John K. Fairbank, and by another ex- (one hopes) Mao-enthusiast, historian Barbara Tuchman. Almost all the facts in Butterfield's extraordinary (and quite beautiful) book are taken from Chinese Communist sources.

What then are the economic prospects for China?

Deng Xiaoping in a recent speech spoke of his ambition to raise the Chinese GNP to $1,000 per capita per year by the end of the century, which means quintupling it, or doubling it, depending on the figures you use. Meanwhile, current average per capita income in Taiwan is $1,300; in Hong Kong, $2,000; and in Singapore, three thousand dollars. □

RIEGLE VS. FELDSTEIN

New York, Nov. 8—It took a while to get a transcript, but it was worth waiting for: documentary evidence that Donald Riegle of Michigan may emerge as the Number One demagogue in the Senate, and for that title one has to work pretty hard: as he did, during the hearing of the Senate Committee looking into the qualifications of Professor Martin Feldstein of Harvard to serve as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors to the President.

You will never guess the question to which he gave primary attention.

How rich is Professor Feldstein? Is he worth more than a million?

"I don't think that's accurate."

"What would you put it at?"

"I would put it at somewhat less than that. Not a lot less than that. Less than a million."

"Is it above $900,000?"

"I don't know. It really is a complicated thing to calculate because you think about things like pension benefits, valuing your house, and all that. But say it's somewhere over three-quarters, over $750,000."

Whereupon, triumphantly, Senator Riegle came up with an affidavit prepared by a lawyer for Professor Feldstein, estimating his net worth at more than one million. How to account for the discrepancy?

"It is what my lawyer told me was the best way to answer those questions. They are, really, accounting questions rather than economic questions . . ."

But Riegle had what he evidently wanted. He kept using the word "honest"—he wanted Mr. Feldstein to "be honest with us," and now he was implying that Feldstein was caught up in a deception—hardly plausible inasmuch as the document that was supposed to evidence that deception was precisely prepared for the Federal Government. But Riegle was home now:

"This Administration, in my view, is top-heavy with millionaires, multi-millionaires, or near millionaires, which by itself wouldn't mean anything if there was a discernible sensitivity about what's happening to people who are not millionaires in this country . . ."

Senator Riegle was wondering how his three children would ever, if Feldstein became economic advisor to Reagan, afford to buy a house.

At this point the committee chairman, Senator Jake Garn, said, Hey now, wait a minute, I've got seven children. And as for this millionaire business, it doesn't mean very much. "You know, I've never really made very much money. And [my worth] is probably in the neighborhood of a half-million or $600,000 because I own two houses. No other reason. I bought one here right down the street from Don Riegle's house. You know, I paid $100,000 for it. Now it is worth $250,000. So there is $150,000 of equity. Man, I'm rich. Doesn't help pay taxes on it. Doesn't send my kids to school. Man, I'm rich, paperwise. I've got a half-million bucks. If I did away with that half-million bucks, it wouldn't change my standard of living at all. It's all on paper and it's all because of inflation, every darn [Senator Garn is from Utah] dime of it."

So Riegle then says it's because we're spending so much money on defense, and Garn says, Look, President Kennedy spent 48 per cent of the national budget on defense, Reagan proposes to spend only one-quarter of the budget on defense. It's the big budget that puts us in this mess.

So then Senator Riegle asked Professor Feldstein if he knew what his utility bill was for the coldest month last winter.

I wish Feldstein had said, No, but he did know the dates of the Peloponnesian War, if the Senator would settle for that. But Feldstein just said he didn't know. So Riegle says, Ha! That proves it! Anybody who doesn't know what his monthly utility bill was obviously can't serve as an economic advisor; so Albert Einstein, who had problems with long division, could not qualify to advise on physics.

And Senator Riegle thoughtfully concluded that Feldstein was coming to Washington "to represent the whole country—you're not just here as an employee of Ronald Reagan. In fact"—Donald Riegle clearly has didactic ambitions, one can see—"he doesn't pay your salary. The citizens of this country pay your salary and, as a public official, that's who you'll be working for." Right. And the people pay the salary of the Secretary of State, who is named by the President, and they pay the salary of Senator Riegle, who is elected by the voters of Michigan; no wonder they are suffering so much (atonement?).

It is all very sad. Feldstein is a first-rate intellect, he understands the nature of the economic problem, but he doesn't really have the key to solving it. That key is to elect fewer big-spending demagogues to Congress. It really is just that simple. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. II NOBLE ART (anagram)
47 53 70 103 118 137 225 191 39 202

B. An upset that's almost an introduction
57 22 8 2 131 35 88 123

C. Acknowledgments of payment
62 220 111 215 197 10 24 124

D. Everyone would be in the same boat under this form of government
76 199 44 55 130 142 217 157 167 204

E. Foolish children
224 1
40 168 99 65 11 67 78

F. A vest-pocket nation between France and Spain
87 12 153 83 48 101 21

G. Made into a body
104 152 190 162 3 219 25 175 42

H. To shorten
116 143 148 181 201 206 45 165 172 177

I. A governmental program that forces poor tenants into more expensive quarters elsewhere
5 17 33 46 58 63 91 31 20 86
73 115

J. A famous yachtsman (not Buckley!)
149 125 189 198 158 146

K. A once powerful nation in Europe, now greatly shrunk
161 127 80 182 43 69 27

L. Michigan U.'s athletic director from 1921 to 1941
23 112 102 81

M. A governmental system for obtaining revenue (it's never enough!)
15 147 26 32 164 95 184 128

N. The Greek goddess of the underworld
136 49 160 170 28 145

O. A nation that was named for an imaginary line
7 38 64 79 92 108 36

P. A darling of the Left who meets with disapproval from the Right
176 132 50 155

Q. Alexander the Great fought a battle here in 333 B.C.
183 6 34 84 75

R. What Doubting Thomas was politically
203 133 60 77 173 74 14 85 51

S. What a queenly orator would use for subjects
216 150 9 156 89

T. A single air played in L. Frank Baum's land
30 200 61 134 139

U. Disproves
68 178 114 105 222 210 90

V. Milwaukee's shortstop in the 1982 World Series
159 141 71 97 106

W. The son of Boaz and Ruth
96 208 180 13

X. What Mussolini was
169 119 174 196 107 186 194

Y. Ousts
195 138 93 218 120 171

Z. An ex-President who used an X to sign his name
211 121 179 187 109

a. A Central American nation
117 16 193 94 209 41 205 166 212

b. The zoologist who founded the Berlin zoo
214 29 54 19 66 100 113 135 151 154

c. A part of speech
163 185
221 129 192 18 52 213

d. The subject of Edward Lear's lyrics
126 122 72 59 207 140 110 223

e. Disagrees
37 56 4 188 144 82 98

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1502 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 D	2 B	3 G	4 e	5 I	6 Q	7 O		8 B	9 S	10 C	11 E	12 F	13 W	14 R	15 M	16 a	17 I	18 c	
19 b	20 I	21 F	22 B	23 L		24 C	25 G	26 M	27 K	28 N	29 b	30 T	31 I		32 M	33 I	34 Q	35 B	36 O
37 e		38 O	39 A	40 E	41 a	42 G	43 K	44 D	45 H	46 I	47 A		48 F	49 N	50 P	51 R	52 c	53 A	54 b
55 D	56 e	57 B	58 I	59 d		60 R	61 T	62 C	63 I	64 O	65 E	66 b		67 E	68 U	69 K	70 A	71 V	72 d
73 I	74 R	75 Q		76 D	77 R	78 E	79 O	80 K	81 L	82 e	83 F	84 Q	85 R		86 I	87 F	88 B	89 S	
90 U	91 I	92 O	93 Y	94 a	95 M	96 W	97 V	98 e		99 E	100b	101F	102L	103A	104G	105U	106V	107X	108O
109Z	110d		111C	112L	113b	114U	115I	116H	117a	118A	119X	120Y	121Z	122d	123B	124C		125J	126d
127K	128M	129c	130D	131B	132P	133R	134T	135b		136N	137A	138Y	139T		140d	141V	142D		143H
144e	145N	146J		147M	148H	149J	150S		151b	152G		153F	154b	155P	156S	157D	158J	159V	
160N	161K	162G	163b	164M	165H	166a		167D	168E		169X	170N	171Y	172H		173R	174X		175G
176P	177H		178U	179Z	180W	181H	182K	183Q	184M	185b	186X		187Z	188e		189J	190G	191A	192c
193a	194X	195Y		196X	197C	198J	199D	200T	201H	202A	203R		204D	205a	206H	207d		208W	209a
210U	211Z		212a	213c	214b	215C		216S	217D		218Y	219G	220C	221c	222U	223d		224D	225A

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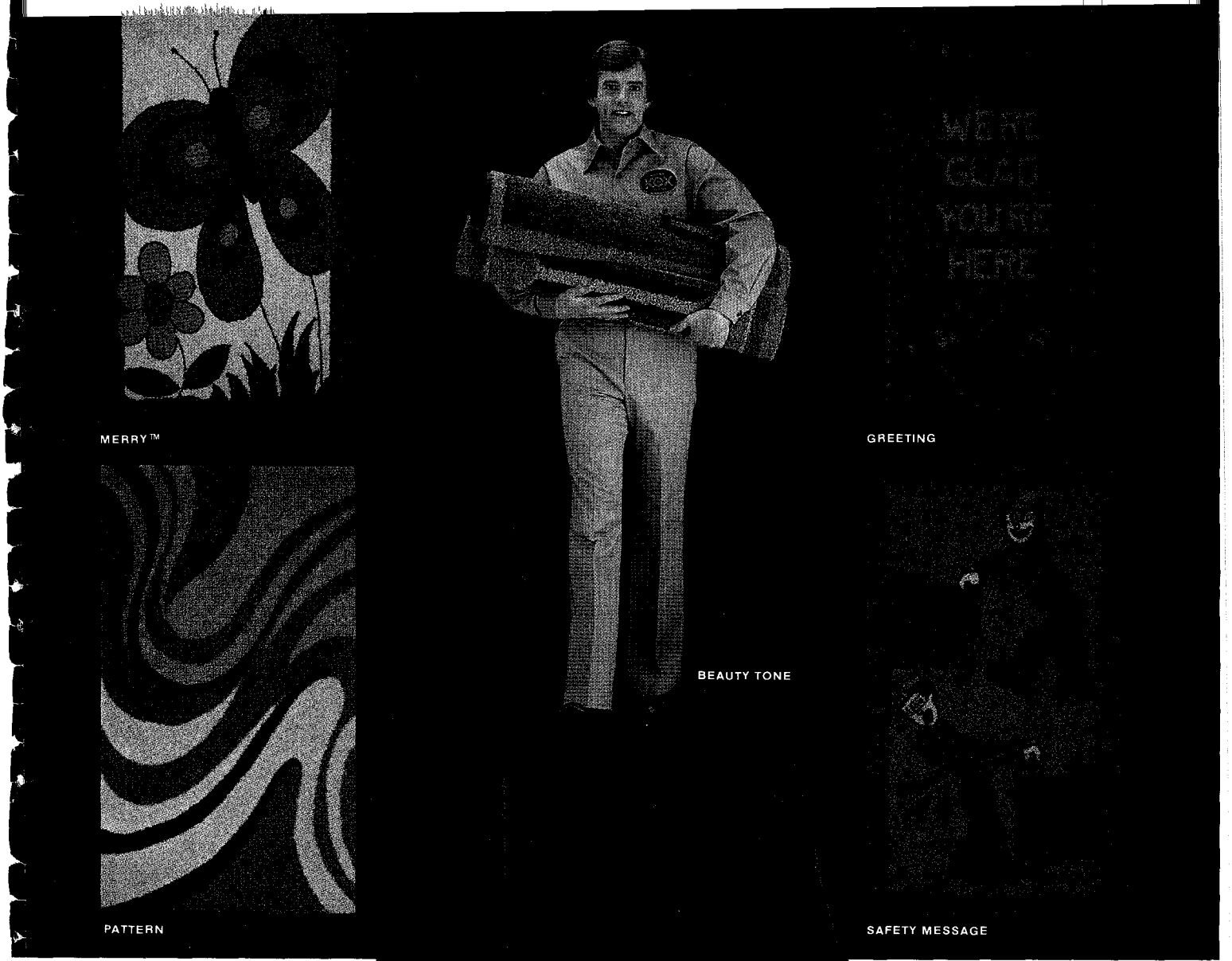

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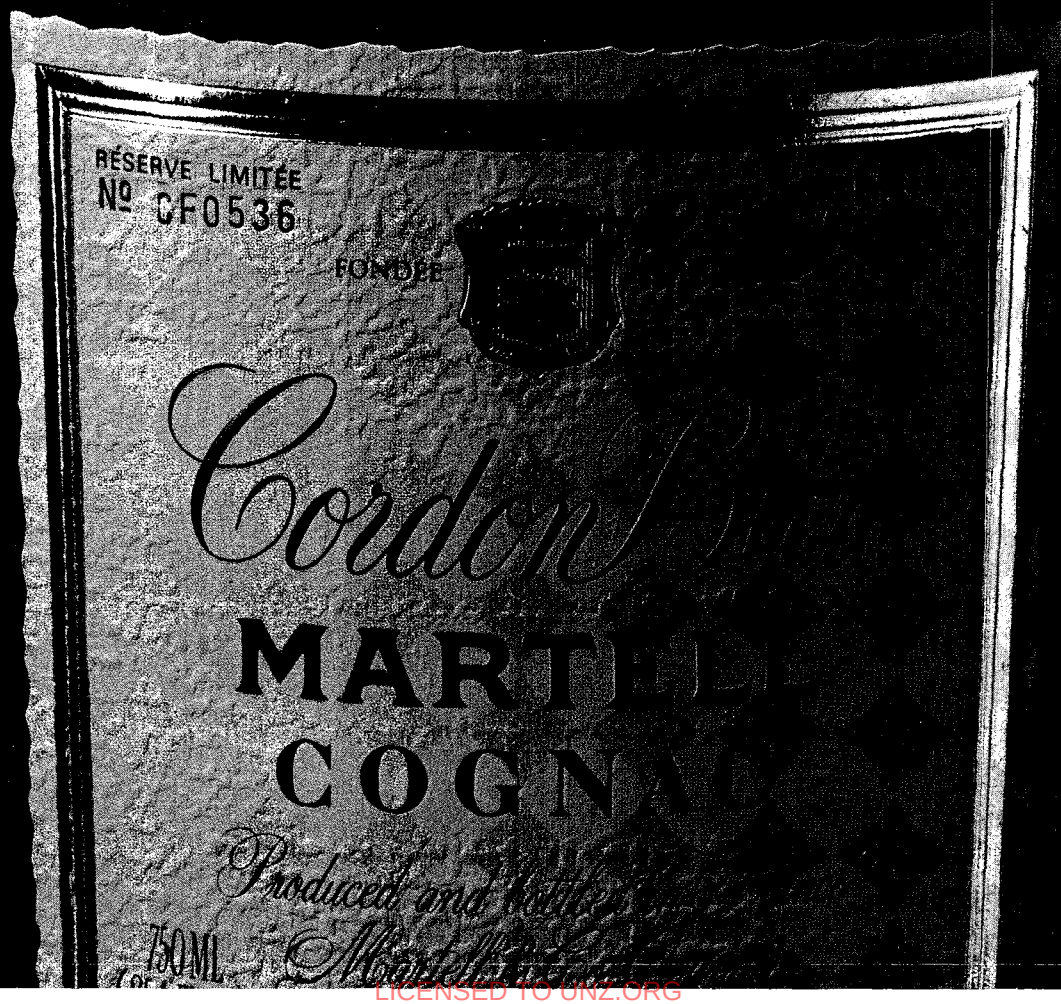

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